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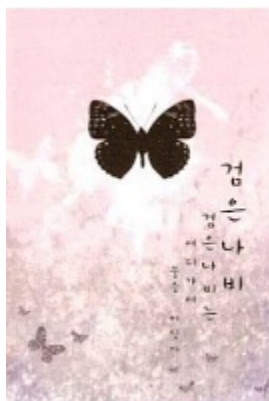
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Black Butterfly - Chapter 01-21

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Part. 1



Title: Black Butterfly, where does the Black Butterfly go drink water

Author: Beep Beep Beep

Genre: Mystery, Psychological, Tragedy, Horror

About Main Characters:

Alvin Johns (serial killer, psychopath, sociopath, handsome, smart)

Jude Green (detective, handsome, amnesia, smart, lazy, orphan)

Psychopath

is for most of the serial killers, and usually they try to get sexually satisfy by committing bizarre crimes. They can't sympathize other people's feeling, so even if they give them terrible pain, they don't feel any sympathy or pity, and they feel positive feeling about the things they do.

The thing that differentiate from normal criminals and them are they don't have anything abnormal about them. Their problem is limited to moralities. They can be seen as 'morality disable.' Their intelligence is not low, but usually they have normal or lower intelligence. A high intelligent serial killer like 'Hannibal Lecter' is not common in real life.

Most typical psychopath are such as Jack the Reaper from England and Ted Bundy from United States. With their thin sense of ethic, they like to portray

their crime in detail. But one thing you should remember is, even though the word 'psychopath' got popular recently, they existed since long time ago.....

"The word 'psychopath' got actually popular recently, but it's been a while since that word came out. When was it? Was it in 1880? I think it was about then."

"Really?"

"And it's an interesting word that spread widely, but you know that's a curse?"

"Hm. I think it can be seen like that. So?"

"If I hear that I'm a same kind as you, you know that means I'm a psychopath too?"

"Aaah, that's right."

"You know I'm not happy at all?"

"I didn't say that to make you happy."

"Ah-Never mind."

Alvin smiled in front of Jude who was waving his arm like he's sick of it. He made a face like he was sleeping so well, and suddenly his boss called him to run to the office -in other word, very annoyed face-Jude scratched his cheek and

sighed looking at his blue gray eyes.

“Hey, excuse me. I’m being really pressured right now from Chief. He’s like ‘You caught him so get something out from him! It’s annoying that all the media are keep asking!’ But what do I know. You already got caught, so pretend you’re saving a very tired cop and tell us where you hid the bodies.”

“You are saying something strange. If you know the word ‘psychopath,’ you know their characteristics very well. Can’t sympathize and don’t care about other people’s feeling. That means, don’t you think it will be very rare for me to sympathize your situation and tell you where the bodies are?

His tone was very polite and quiet. Jude clicked his tongue. –I really don’t have to go see those horror movies. What’s the point of watching The Silence of the Lamb? A guy like Hannibal Lecter is right front of me. In the movie like bloody screen with stabbed dead bodies are just obvious and cannibalism is just an option for this guy. He remembered what the professor said in a criminology class he took, ‘A person like Hannibal Lecter doesn’t really exist in real life. If his intelligence was that high, he probably became a proper famous person already.’ Jude messed up his hair annoyingly. Of all occasion, it was me who hand cuffed this guy who’s involved in this crime. Instead of being scared or disgusted, a thought of ‘why did I do that’ came in first. After that, this serial killer in front him rejected all other detectives and only allowed Jude to talk to him. The Chief said to him with blood shot eyes, ‘If you can’t figure anything out, I’m gonna put you in one week of night overtime,’ and he unknowingly nodded his head.

“....I should’ve made Tim do the hand cuffing.....”

He said it like sighing, and Alvin laughed. His ice pick-like eyes smoothly bent. He looked very innocent.

Alvin Johns. A serial killer not only made a hot topic, but also made the public in big panic. This year he barely became 24 years old. A fact that a man who graduated from Columbia University and had a proper job in a finance company is an actual killer from recent serial murder in New York –the crime that’s found is already 16 cases-put New York in terror. It was understandable because he was really ‘normal.’ A perfect job and income and calm and gentle young man.

What made them in more shock was that unlike other serial killer, they didn’t find any trace of child abuse when he was a child. His parents did die pretty early, but he grew up in a very ‘normal’ family and got independent pretty fast. There was no sign of abnormality not even abusing animals when he was a child or causing problems at school. He has calm and clean look, blue gray eyes with smile, and clean style light blonde. He was polite and got along with everyone. Of course, that was until they found cut, sliced, and stabbed many dead bodies under his basement.

“The reason why I only want to talk to you is not only because you arrested me.”

“Huh? Then why?”

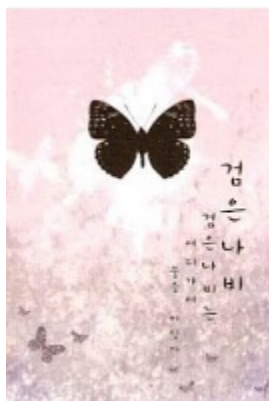
“It was you who figured out where I was.”

“Ah, that’s true.”

“How did you know?”

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

Jude remembered the day he arrested him with his arms crossed. They found the corpses in the basement, but Alvin already predicted the police. When and where he escaped-was the point, and when all the police were looking for his possible hideouts, Jude took his gun with his partner and went to a place where he predicted the crime would happen. In that place, Jude was able to stop the last victim to come out. Alvin Johns was choking one woman's neck. A blond young man had a faint smile and put his two hands up.

"That is because.... Before, I read somewhere. Psychopaths don't stop their crime just because police suspect them. That's why I went there."

"But usually people don't think he would calmly walk around to kill another person when he already got revealed? Then how were you certain that much?"

"Hey hey, I wasn't certain. I just went thinking maybe you might be there. If I was certain, I probably took whole bunch of police with me."

“Your eyes weren’t shaking when you saw me. There was no hesitation or fear.”

“That’s because I’m a detective? Do you think I pointed a gun at a criminal once or twice? And in this poor environment?”

“Do you want to know the truth? That time, if you and your partner had single strand of fear in your eyes, I probably would've tried to kill you guys. One stab can easily kill a person. If I needed a shield, I could’ve used the woman in front.”

Jude sighed again. Do I have to talk to this guy who says this kind of thing like a textbook for several hours? With this small salary? Why would I?

“But there was nothing in your eyes. You were very composed. ‘I have to catch this guy.’ It was only that. Like watching a today’s TV show like ‘I will watch this today.’ There was nothing else. No anger or fear. That moment I thought I have to get captured.”

“Ah, okay. Thanks.”

“You are similar as me. You look like you are full of feelings, but more than half of them are fake, and actually you don’t really create a deep bond with other people. You are indifferent about getting yourself hurt, and you are a police not because you are full of sense of justice. You are doing it because it’s just a ‘work.’ You didn’t become like me, well, is it because you are lazy?”

That laugh again. Jude shrugged his shoulders and answered insincerely.

“Yeah, I'm lazy. Now tell me where you hid the bodies.”

“After that I observed you closely. Most of the things you say are not sincere. Worrying about someone else, complaining about your situation, it’s just a disguise for other people. That’s why I got interested. Like what is this detective hiding inside of him?”

“Sorry but I’m not complicated enough to hide something. I can’t do it because of headache. If I was that smart, I would’ve done something else. Now, tell me where you hid the bodies.”

“Do you know? I, like you.”

“Yeah, thanks. Now place you hid the bodies.”

“It’s not a joke? I’m serious. It was my first time saying I like someone. Why are you so cold? I’ll get hurt.”

“Mm, get hurt. Now please tell me where you hid the bodies.”

There was a bright laughter, and he didn’t say anything after that. Jude rested his chin on his hand and sent out desperate look to that handsome face. Soon “Aaaaaaah!” there was a horrible scream, and he stood up. He took out a phone from his pocket.

“Tim? Tim! You come in! No, I don’t care! Do you think I will make a difference? Am I a profiler or professional consultant? Send in a professional, professional! I told you to tell Chief like that.”

Jude shouted like he was begging and walked to the door. Behind him he heard a very quiet voice.

“Detective.”

“That’s why, tell Chief directly…… What? Are you gonna tell me?”

The young man smiled once. When Jude thought he was little sick of that smile, he smiled more deeply and said,

“See you again.”

“Call the Chief directly!”

I’m sick of it! –Until he shouted like that to his phone and completely gone from his sight, behind the wall, Alvin didn’t even blink once with his light color eyes.

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

“Ah, I give up, give up. I can’t do it. That bastard, he didn’t even think of saying anything from the beginning.”

“What can we do, that guy said he will only talk to you.”

White shirt with black suit pants. A man who’s tall and handsome laughed at his partner who was pouring coffee in the corner of the prison with a tired face and asked with a worried face.

“By any chance, he didn’t threatened or anything? Like asking a friend outside to take a revenge.”

“Ah? No, he didn’t say anything like that. Ah, I did get a confession.”

“.....What?”

Tim blankly looked at Jude with his green eyes and stupidly asked. Jude was drinking coffee –“Ow, hot!”- blowing very passionately at the coffee and halfheartedly answered.

“He said he likes me. I’m similar to him or something.”

“He..... said that?”

“What, why is your face like that? Did you actually think I would accept his feeling? Come on, Tim. You know I only have you.”

He was rubbing his chin with a serious face but because of his short brown hair partner’s awkwardly acting cute, he ended up laughing. He messed up his dark blonde and said it like he felt sorry.

“Chief said don’t be stupid. He said don’t you know they already sent in many consultants, but he didn’t say a word and just sat there. He screamed you should solve it somehow. I think he feels pressured by the media.”

“He won’t have anything to catch with me though. I don’t think he’ll talk. If they find the bodies, his sentence will get longer. There is no point of talking. I think with the bodies they found in the basement, he can get executed? He won’t feel any urge in this kind of situation.”

“Mm, that’s true, but victims’ families are the problem. That guy just mentioned about people, but we couldn’t find many other bodies.”

“Ah-anyway, this isn’t something I can do. I’m sick of looking at his smiling face now. And do you know what he said to me in the end? He stopped me from going outside and said ‘See you again.’ Aaah, Tim, please tell me this is a dream. Talking useless thing with that guy. I’m sick of it.”

“Still you look fine. I heard professional psychotherapists got mentally shocked by talking with the guy for few hours. They said something like losing weight because of stress. Well, I’m not surprised.”

“At this time what mental shock? I’m already sick of seeing his crime scene. Am I the person who usually stay in the office quietly and read dissertation and attend colloquium? I only know profiling up to like common knowledge. How did I become like this?”

“Hahaha, anyway let’s stop for today. Let’s go out through the back door.”

He laughed –he did hear “Do whatever you can so that Jude that bastard doesn’t complain! Make that lazy bastard not quit this because he got annoyed!” from the Chief, too-Tim tapped Jude’s back and headed to the back door. It was to avoid all the reporters and Alvin’s fans –even if he’s good looking outside, from people actually witnessed the scene couldn’t understand that kind of excitement.- Jude was complaining with a paper cup in his mouth but still followed Tim.

“.....”

Tim sat on the driver’s seat and glimpsed at his partner with worry. He thought Jude would go to asleep because he’s tired, but he leaned his body and rested his chin on his hand staring into space expressionlessly. It’s been five years since

they became partners. He knew it was rare for him to make that kind of a face. Only when he felt displeased –it’s really rare for Jude to get angry or displeased- he made that face. I shouldn’t have sent him in alone with that bastard. He felt guilty. Tim asked him while he was turning the handle.

“Are you okay?”

“.....”

“Jude.”

“Ah, yeah. I’m okay. Just for a second..... something felt weird.”

“Weird? What?”

“At the last moment, he said see you again. Something.... feels weird now I think about it.”

“Why? Isn’t it because he knew you would come again for the next interrogation?”

“No, it’s not that..... Like, is it just my feeling? When he said that, his eyes..... felt different. Mm, it felt more like active than manual?”

He couldn’t understand what he was saying. Tim frowned little bit, and Jude shook his head.

“It’s hard to explain. It doesn’t feel good. It just might be in my head.... Ah, phone.”

He stopped murmuring to himself and took out a loud ringing phone. Weird feeling? He looked at Jude with curiosity. He was able to hear the phone because the phone setting was at the loudest.

[Detective Jude? I’m Michael Bolt. I’m psychotherapist in FBI.]

“Ah, yes. What happened?”

[Can I ask for the data about the interrogation? Because he rejected our psychotherapists, you are the only person I can get the data.]

“If it’s that, I didn’t really get anything for him either. I couldn’t record and didn’t take a note. We just inquisitively talked. You won’t get anything from that.”

[I don’t care. You just have to explain what you guys shared in detail to us.]

“Excuse me. You know I talked to him about four hours today? First I can’t remember everything what we talked about, and I need to work with this guy from now on? So how about you check it after I submit the report?”

[We need to prepare for the later, so the minimum of the data.....]

Tim pitifully smiled at Jude who was halfheartedly talking on the phone with a tone of he really wants to hang up. This kind of request wasn’t once or twice. Of

course FBI, normal Psychology Association and even the criminology clubs. Somehow they figured out Jude's number and constantly called to ask about the conversation with Alvin Johns.

Bzzz. Bzzz. A small vibration sound came out from Tim's pocket. Can't do that while driving as a police. He thought about for a second and glimpsed at the caller ID. The number was from the prison they just came out from. He stopped the car nearby and opened the flip.

"Timothy Maxwe...."

[Detective! Are you with Detective Jude who caught Alvin?]

"Yes, I am."

[Urgent!]

When he heard the man's desperate voice, all different kind of thought came into his mind. Did Alvin hurt himself? Or smuggled a pen and stabbed a guard? Or just like the scene from the Silence of the Lambs, did he bite off a person's face? He was thinking about the possibilities and felt an extreme anxiety. No way, no way. Don't tell me this is worst than those.

"What....happened?"

[Alvin Johns escaped!]

"What!"

“So I’ll make a report and..... What?!”

Even Jude who was stubbornly explaining on the phone scream in surprised. Because of the panic, Tim unknowingly changed his phone to the other hand.

“What are you talking about, how is that possible!”

[We, we’re not sure either! For some reason, nobody knows why, the guard took him out, and Alvin told him he’s going to the restroom and chocked the guard and escaped.... We don’t know how. We, we noticed it a while after....]

These idiots! Tim bit his teeth and barely said, “We’ll be right there” and closed the flip harshly. Jude’s face was just dumbfounded. Tim shook his head to cool down little bit and start the car with a partner who just chuckled. Tim stepped on the gas up to where it’s legal.

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

“-You came!”

Inside the prison, it was such a mess. Sound of people running around, sound of accusing, and sound of questioning that no one knows the answer. When the person in charge came out, Tim’s voice got unconsciously louder.

“What happened? How can you guys just have one guard bringing that serious criminal outside!”

“We, we’re not sure..... We are on the investigation. That guard is already dead so..... Ah, th,there is another reason I urgently called you guys.”

“Another one? Is there a bigger thing than this?”

Jude asked with a face like he got disturbed sleeping for a week. The person in charge panicked and quickly looked for something in his pocket. One evident

envelop came out from his pocket. While those two detectives looked curious, the person in charge opened that with shaking hands. Tim suspiciously opened his mouth.

“.....Is it a note?”

“Yes, I think it was left for Detective Jude....”

The letter was short.

-See you again. I'll write, Detective J because I wasn't joking?

Right after he checked the note, Tim instinctively looked at Jude. In this expressionless face, nothing was showing. It's his first time seeing this expression twice in one day. He bit his teeth and looked at the simple letter. Chill went down his spine.

It's the end and the starting bell of the new screen.

The media got little calm now.

The news about a serial killer who implanted an abnormal fear that a possibility of getting killed by a young neighbor man is higher than getting killed by a car accident escape was a big news. But the story changes when even after his escape, the police can't process any further with the investigation, and he didn't do anything for a month. People were still anxious but starting to forget about that incident little by little. Sometimes it came in a morning show. Alvin Johns who became the reason that the news criticize the police couldn't be a threat to people anymore.

The things that were happening in the station was actually busier, but one

thing for sure is that the detective who caught Alvin Johns is going through such annoying days. Right after the news Alvin Johns has escaped went up to superior, for several days, Jude had to deal with interrogation-like conversation. 'When you were talking to him at last, didn't he show any sign of it.' 'If that happened, why didn't you do something before.' 'Why do you think he only asked for you.' 'Did you have any personal relationship with him?' 'How do you think Alvin Johns escaped...' Jude was about to get neurosis, and Tim strongly complained worrying about his partner who couldn't even sleep right, but their reply was very simple. "We don't know when someone else might die. Is one person being tired a problem?"

The case became very serious, and most of the authority went to FBI. Even with that, the case didn't go any further. There were plenty of assumption and useless reports, and the police were getting tired of all those pranks from the fans. Everyone couldn't get stuck to this case, and they didn't have enough manpower.

During those time, a letter that Alvin Johns promised has arrived. When Jude arrived tired at his seat after a long conversation, there was a mail on his desk with his name on it. Jude was surprised at the sender's name, and right after he said, "Alvin Johns...?" An investigator who was standing right next to him took away the letter. He was little blank, but he didn't say anything. It wasn't the kind that he wanted to see anyway.

But when the investigator who took away the letter disappeared that night, Jude panicked a little bit. And when another letter was on his desk, Jude didn't tell his superior and put that in his pocket. Tim knew the situation and looked at him worried but didn't say anything.

So even though lot of heads were bewildered, Jude and Tim heard a new case, and they loaded their guns and got called out to the scene.

-Hello.

Did you get it well this time? I didn't know there was an idiot who didn't know writing a receiver's name is not just for a show. I'm sorry.

I'm doing well. The weather is nice these days. How are you, detective? You were tired after I escaped, right? After the incident calms down, drink a glass of beer and rest well. Should I visit you with Heineken someday?

I got little more comfortable after the news calmed down. It's not bad to live this quietly. Ah, you know the word 'living quietly' doesn't mean how living same as other people feeling small happiness, right?

Different from me but similar detective

You probably feel like you are far from me, but actually we are connected to each other, so you don't have to feel nervous. In a right time, I'll visit you only with goodwill. You can trust me.

I'll write you again. Stay well.

-Alvin Johns

"Jude, isn't better to tell Chief?"

"...."

"Jude."

Inside a smoothly moving car, Jude was reading the letter with a sleepy face shook his head making, "Mm" sleepy sound. Tim's face was full of worries.

"No, it's okay. What if something happens again?"

“Did he say anything else? Like a word where we can predict where he is.”

“Nope. Is it one or two place that has a good weather? Probably this won’t even have a fingerprint... They couldn’t figure out anything in the first letter. Ah, I’m so tired.”

Jude folded the letter roughly and put it in his pocket, and he sighed and leaned on the seat. Tim frowned guessing the place they’re going right now looks like. In this mess, police’s duty is unchanged and kept going. No matter how dangerous Alvin Jude is, for that one guy, all the police can’t only stick to that case. Yes, he understood. The reason why they have to come out for a job even though it’s this loud. Anyway, the crime won’t stop just because of police’s situation.

But Tim didn’t want to take his partner who went through a hard time for a month to another crime scene nearly at midnight.

“Do you think you’ll be alright? Should I go in by myself?”

“No thanks. I’m not a little girl with sensitive emotion so don’t worry about it, Tim oppa.”

Even if he’s half dead, his talk never dies. Tim chuckled and slowly stopped the car.

When there was a voice of a scared man through a police’s phone, he said word by word crying. ‘I, I came home, and my mother was dead. Help me.’ There was possibility of being a prank call –especially these days-They couldn’t just not go out after they got a call. For the sake of authenticity and judge seriousness, they needed to send the investigators.

And in the headquarter, they sent Jude who just came out from the counsel to the scene with Tim. Right now we're lack in people so look around and ask for backups if you guys can't solve it by yourselves. But try to finish it within your hands! –With Chief's kind comment.

Carefully, two police approached the building trying not to make a sound. The light was on through the window. Tim carefully looked inside and got paled.

In front of the table, there was a body. On top of the table there was a head. The intestines were dragging the floor, and the two hands were inside the head's mouth. The surrounding area was covered with blood that looks like a cheap paint.

"Ugh –it's bad."

Jude clicked his tongue like whispering. It looks like no one's at home. There was no sound coming from up stair. But they have to be alert. They slowly turned the unlocked door knob, and those two detectives went inside the house.

A fishy smell hit their noses. A disgust that can't be compare to a fish. Warm blood and decomposing organs. When they start to rot, they smell worse than any other animals. They frowned little bit and went up to the second floor. They heard someone's crying sound through ajar door. They looked at each other, and Tim kicked the door first.

"Freeze! N.Y.P.D!"

One man was lying on the floor. He was crying covering his head and fell

backward because he got scared by Tim's voice. Tim looked at the man and asked without putting down his gun.

"Are you the one who reported?"

"Ah..... Yes, yes, I'm, I'm Lloyd Zejens. Um, out, outside, that's, that's my, mo, mother....."

"Is there someone else in the house?"

"No, no, no no, I'm, I'm the only one."

His face was covered with tears. There was nothing dangerous, so they slowly put down the gun. Tim stared at that poor shivering man pitifully and turned his head to Jude.

"Stay here. I'll go call for a backup."

[Continue to Part 5](#)

Part. 5



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

The new horrible crime that happened in a while grabbed people’s attention drastically. Alvin John’s name came up again, but the police denied by saying the way of this criminal’s killing and torturing method is different. Mrs. Zejens wasn’t that friendly with the neighbors. She only interact with them occasionally, and the neighbors avoided her because of her cranky personality. She is the type who would smack kids’ head once if their ball gets on her lawn. It is the fact that she was not welcomed.

“-We are still investigating by questioning. You can’t go back to your house for a while.”

Tim carefully explained to this one pale man. The man willingly accepted the interrogation when he came to the station, but because of the big shock he got, he was little in panic. He was stuttering and crying but strongly defended that his mother didn’t have that good personality, but she wasn’t the type who deserves this kind of treatment. Tim was little perplexed trying to soothe him and went to Jude who was leaning on the wall with a sleepy face in the side of the station.

“What do you think?”

“-Huuh? What?”

“Jude, wake up. I mean the case, this case.”

“Ah, yeah, the case. It looks like this person really hated this lady.”

“That’s obvious. How can a person do this if he or she didn’t have this kind of feeling towards her?”

“That person probably argued with the lady and got verbally abused a lot. Not only with few mean glare. We can focus on that and find who she had a bad relationship with anyone. Then something will come out.”

“Argued? Why?”

“The hand in her mouth.”

He frowned his eye brows little bit like saying “what?” And Jude closed his eyes shook his head few times like he’s trying wake up, and he pointed at the pictures that they took in the scene on the desk.

“The hand from the corpse’s body was shoved inside the head’s mouth on the table. And they knew it later, but they found food waste poured on the cut throat of the body.”

“So?”

“It’s saying shut up.”

He’s tone was like he already knew it. He looked at Tim like-why are you asking so obvious? Tim just nodded his head doubtfully. It was easy to figure out, but he couldn’t get used to this horrible situation. Just because he wanted to shut her mouth, he did that? With an uncomfortable feeling, Tim asked Jude who was looking through his pockets saying, “Ah-I want to eat mint candy, mint candy.”

“In the future.... Will the killing happen again?”

“Huh? Who knows. If he is the type who hid his violent nature, this can be his trigger and kill people from now on. If he just hated that lady, this can be the last one. But looking at how he did cruel things in his first crime, it’s highly likely that he’ll do it again. Haaa (yawning sound), we can just investigate and catch him fast.”

“.....That’s true.”

Am I being sensitive? Tim looked at Jude peeling off the mint candy wrapper and asked himself. He was usually indifferent about everything, but during these kind of horrible homicide, Tim thought it was amazing that he is able to keep his pace all the time.

“Let’s rest little bit and start the questioning again.”

“Okay. It’s not like we’re the only people working.... I’m gonna sleep little bit. It’s killing me.”

“Okay. I’ll wake you up after three hours.”

The investigation was unexpectedly slow. They heard the neighbors’ words. In general, they said, “We weren't close. We just thought she was weird, and we never argued. She didn’t even like to talk.” As the questioning was getting longer, Tim started to feel nervous. What if this is the first crime of another serial killer? What if he didn’t have any feeling towards ‘Mrs. Zejens,’ and just hated women in that age? What if he just turned random door knobs and committed the crime?

“Not sure.... I don’t know if the door was opened. I didn’t hear any particular scream and resisting sound. If that’s the case, hm, was it opened?”

“I see.”

A lady living next door Amada’s testimony.

“That lady? I know. When I was playing baseball, the ball went in that house’s lawn. She came out with scary eyes, so we couldn’t ask her to give back our balls. We just ran away.”

Little boy neighbor Hans’ story.

“Ah, now I think of it. I think I saw a suspicious man roaming around that lady’s house. I was wondering why he was doing that because there wasn’t any pretty woman. Even if it was a robber, it’s a poor house only people come by is that

salary man, so her son.”

After they heard the story from the house across high school girl Clara, Jude and Tim stopped walking around the neighborhood and headed to the scene. The scene where it had a yellow tape wrapped around still had dried blood smell.

“Do you think that high school girl’s story is correct?”

“Who knows. We can have some kind of evidence coming out from the lab.”

“Do you think it’s possible.... to be a robbery?”

“It’s not impossible. But the reason of this homicide was not a robbery. If it was a robbery, he could’ve just stab few times and find the money, but this is too much. Did you investigate the son?”

“Yeah, the money relationship was clean, and there was no evidence of arguing with the mother. It was only him that visited this house, and he was a very obedient child when he was young.”

“Ah, I see.”

“And all the neighbors near here have their alibi. Just like that son said, this lady never had any fight that would cause this kind of homicide. Everyone is just a common household. They didn’t have anything weird. So that’s why the focus is going...”

“Alvin Johns looked normal too. No, he looked way intelligent.”

Tim stopped walking and turned around and saw Jude. His partner didn't have any particular emotion in his eyes.

"This case... Do you think Alvin Johns did it?"

"No. I didn't mean that way. To be Alvin Johns, this guy has too much feeling. You could feel his strong hatred. Alvin Johns is, how should I say it, killing and torturing like kids killing ants. Hm, you know like kids say innocently, 'I was curious how long will it take to burn an ant.'? It's highly likely that he did those with full of experimental mind."

"....Even, even though they're the same humans?"

"That guy doesn't see other people as same level as him. And that guy can't feel other people's pain. You know how psychopaths are? To be exact, he seems like he's a hybrid psychopath, but he perfectly has those kind of characteristics."

"While you guys were talking, did he say that?"

"Yeah.... Hm, the main reason was the pure experimental mind, the things that trigger that were very minor things seriously minor things. Like being rude to him little bit, trying to get overly close to him, or getting confessed in front of his face from a person he never had any feeling. Then he thought, 'Ah, if I'm gonna do it, these people will be good.' Well, after that, you know."

I shoved in my colleague by himself for four hours listening to these kind of story! Suddenly Tim felt deep guilty and anger at the same time. He turned his head and said,

“Shit, those kind of guys need to feel pain to feel how painful dead people felt.”

“That guy, he can’t even feel his own pain well. When he gets hurt, he faintly recognizes his own pain. Among the psychopaths, there are some cases that they feel sympathy to themselves only, but this guy is totally opposite. He doesn’t even have attachment to himself that much.”

“How do you know that?”

“I told him he’s gonna get executed, but he didn’t move a single muscle on his face.”

“.....Crazy bastard.”

He spit out a curse with a deep hatred and slowly looked around the blood stained kitchen. They still couldn’t find the weapon that killed the lady, but the autopsy result suspect a big kitchen knife. They said the unsub sincerely sliced the person’s throat. Probably the he took the weapon.

While Tim was trying to avoid stepping on blood stains, Jude was looking at the sink carefully and waved his arm at Tim to call him.

“Tim, Tim. Come here.”

“Why?”

“Here, look at the place where the knife was stored in. Among the knives, one spot is empty.”

He looked at the sink and among the knives, the biggest one was missing.

“Ah, that’s true.”

“The weapon, do you think he took it out from here?”

“Maybe. Other place is completely clean and perfect like an illness. This spot is missing. It feels incompatible.”

“...Weird. It’s weird that the weapon that killed the lady is this kitchen knife. If the unsub came in with a plan, he probably prepared his own weapon.”

“Hm, what if he brought a stick and thought killing her with a knife later?”

“That’s weird too. If he had a stick, he should’ve hit her with it first. There wasn’t even a single scream. That’s supposed to be the order. Hit her on the head from behind and cut her throat. I can understand that, but the autopsy result didn’t say anything about trauma to the head. Then try to kill her with the knife from the first place? Then the unsub supposed to walk to the sink and pull out the knife. There is no way the lady didn’t see that. She should’ve screamed or resisted him.”

“What is it then? What happened?”

Jude closed his mouth for a second. The expression he makes during a case

isn't that big different from picking a pizza at a pizza store. Tim thought feeling anxiety right now looks stupid somehow by looking at Jude. Soon Jude turned his body.

“Let’s go to the station.”

“Huh? Why?”

“I have to check something. They didn’t send away those people yet, right?”

“Ah.... I think so.”

Jude was walking fast, and Tim quickly caught up to him. He knew it very well that when his partner who is never serious acts this way, there is an exit to a solution.

[Continue to Part 6](#)

Part. 6



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

-After they came back to the station, before Jude was about to request the case file, he found a note on his desk first. Jude thoughtlessly opened the paper. As soon as he saw a familiar sharp and clean font, he tilted his head little bit. Tim who was looking for the file instead of his partner saw him and came to him with a curious look.

“Why? What is that?”

“Ahh. Well..... it’s nothing. It says what time I should come for the counseling again.”

“Again? Those bastards, aren’t they sick of it? Ah, and it looks like Mr. Zejens is staying at a motel right next to the station. Because he can’t go back to his house, they sent him there by himself. Probably because he got mentally shock.”

“Hm, that’s true. I’m gonna go somewhere for a second.”

He put the note in his pocket and said to Tim smiling. Of course, Tim had a curious look.

“Why? Where?”

“Ah, the reason for my life.”

“Food? Buy me some too.”

“Okay. I’ll be back soon.”

He waved his hand at Tim and swagger out the station. He didn’t forget to ask a police to get him a recorder before he went out.

Jude felt his gun on his waist to make sure, and he took out the note that he shoved it in his pocket. A thin and polite font.

-Detective, the unsub is a childish kid. You know it, right?

Shrugged his shoulder once and the detective with a dark blond started to walk again.

“-Came out from police station. Which room is Mr. Lloyd Zejens staying in?”

“Um.... Room 304. I think he’s still in there.”

Jude put back his police badge that he showed it to the motel owner and went up the stairs. 301, 302, 303. Jude walked touching a thin crack on the cement

wall, and with a whistle, he stopped in front of the Room 304.

Knock, knock, knock

Underneath a flickering light, a dry door sound hit his ears. Soon, slowly the door opened. A man in his 30s little bald looked very tired probably because of the incident that happened few days ago. His blue eyes somehow showed vanity, and it even looked like asking not to talk to him. But ignoring that atmosphere, Jude smiled.

“Mr. Lloyd Zejens, remember me? I’m the detective you saw that day. My name is Jude. I have something to ask you. Can I come in?”

“.....Ah, yes..... Come in. But.....”

“Is there a problem?”

“.....No..... I’m just little tired, so can you finish it fast?”

“Sure.”

Jude answered easily and went inside the room right away. Motel’s specialty boring interior. Because Jude sat on the chair even before he offer it to him, Lloyd came in hesitantly. Looking at his exhausted face, he could’ve at least give him a sympathetic word, but Jude brightly opened his mouth.

“Wow, the compliments were overwhelming. The neighbors told me you were a very obedient child.”

“.....Is that so.....?”

“Were you and your mother close? I heard she was pretty strict, but it seemed like she treated you well. Was she gentle because you were an only child?”

“....No, no.... It wasn't always like that. She wasn't flexible or soft, but she always said the right things. She was little... rough....”

“Aha. Then do you know if anybody argued with your mother recently?”

The man's sight was always on the carpet, but he looked at Jude once. Lloyd fixed his glasses and licked his lips.

“I already told you those. Why are you asking again?”

“If a person commit that kind of cruel crime, there's supposed to be a big argument. I thought you knew because you always visited your mother. Think about it, shoving a dead body's hand in her mouth for a few small argument doesn't make sense. And he even poured food waste on her, wow, this is not enough for a just argument. Maybe getting abused for at least few years continuously. You know normally they don't do those kind of things?”

“S,stop. I threw up few times already. I couldn't even look at the scene properly.”

Lloyd fitfully shook his head and wiped his sweat. Jude waved lightly with his hand and continued his word like he didn't see and hear that.

“So, did she have a close relative? Like a neighbor or acquaintance. Anybody who interacted with her.”

“.....Huuh? I’m, I’m not sure. I don’t know in detail, but I know she called aunt occasionally. But why....?”

“Ahh, because she didn’t really interacted with the neighbors, so only people she can insult are probably her family or relative? That’s why I’m asking.”

“Ah.... I see. You work hard.”

He licked his lips once more. Jude stared at that action for a second and threw a word like passing by.

“Perhaps, do you know where your mother’s kitchen knife is?”

His gloomy eyes looking down until now suddenly glint at Jude for a second and got wide with puzzled look.

“Ah, huh? Didn’t the killer took it?”

Bingo. He held his sigh that was about to come out unconsciously –Ahh! I can finally rest for a while now! I can have my time to eat!- Jude nodded his head. Jude swallowed his word, “Ah, yeah. The killer took it. But how did you know the weapon that we figured it out today, Mister? You said you couldn’t even look at the scene well? No well, I am thankful that you didn’t drag that long” and smiled and answered scratching his head, “Ah, yes. The killer took it. I was wondering if

it was in the house or something, haha.” Lloyd’s blue eyes were forcefully smiling like he’s servilely agreeing with him.

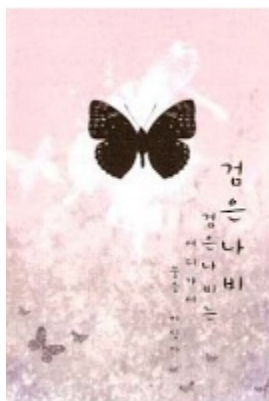
“Then, since I asked what I wanted to ask, I have to go now. Ahaha, my partner is pretty scary.”

-Click. Jude pressed the stop button of the recorder that he started to record when he sat on the chair. He stood up. Now the only thing he has left is to call his trustful partner. He kind of loosen his strength and walked to the door. When he tried to grab the door knob, something passed him with a fast speed.

Bang! Jude automatically reached out to his holster because of a rough hand came out from his back pressing on the door. But soon Jude felt a cold feeling behind his neck, so he closed his mouth and bend down his neck little bit. He smelled burnt from a rough breath coming next to his face.

[Continue to Part 7](#)

Part. 7



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

“I think, I know why you came....”

“I told you I just came for some question. Did you not like it, that much?”

“You know, detective...? Should I tell you some more detail about that obedient child?”

“Um.... I’m not that curious in this situation.”

“That child, he couldn’t not be obedient.... Oh my god, you’ll never know how strong that bitch was. You know the hot fire poker? Have you ever got slapped on the face with that? Inside of my mouth got ripped, and that was more painful than my cheek getting swelled. But that was the weakest. Hearing you are a trash, you are an impotent was much harder.”

No, I told you I'm not that curious. Jude murmured to himself and sighed. Looking at the knife's length on my neck, it's possible that it's that knife from the missing spot. Where did he even hide this that he was able to take this out so quickly?

"So, I started to kill that bitch ever since I was 11. No, I didn't start killing her from the beginning. I just thought it would be nice if she just shut her mouth. When I was really little, I just saw images of blocking her mouth with a tape, but after a year, it became common dreaming about cutting her throat. Do you know how old I was when I decided to kill my mother?"

"How should I know...."

Heard his small grumbling or not, Lloyd giggled quietly.

"It was when I was fourteen, fourteen. Since then, I thought about what kind of feeling will it be to cut the throat and how much strength I will need. It wasn't easy experimenting with cats or dogs, so I exercised to grow strength. Just like a butcher, with a few stroke, that I can slice off the throat. After practicing for over 20 years, I found out where I should stab and where I should cut and slice."

The knife behind Jude's neck vibrated as Lloyd laughed. The breath that tickled his ear area vibrated as well as he giggled. Jude calmly took off his hand from the door knob.

"It was amazing. Can you imagine? The throat that only poured out dirty stuff on me only made an air wheezing sound! Haha, she looked at me like she couldn't believe it. Stupid bitch, she probably thought I came to her house frequently because I liked her. Is she an idiot? How she treated me. She had her eyes wide open until I finish slicing her throat. It was so funny!"

“...Then, why did you reported?”

Although he asked with a bored tone like he's not interested at all, probably because of excitement or because of his brain filled with happiness of that memory, Lloyd couldn't hold his laugh and continued talking.

“That's because, the neighbors know I visit her every Wednesday, and I'm an innocent salary man, right? You can ask if you go to my work place. I'm a perfect normal person. I don't like in a place with lot of people, but I was a quiet and kind worker. Even if I report it, there was nothing bad to me.... It was supposed to be like that.”

“Aha, I'm sorry about that.... Ugh!”

Bang! Because he grabbed his head and ruthlessly pushed to the door, his sight became all white for a short time. There was a burning pain on his forehead. Soon he felt a warm streak of blood coming down. Very close man's breath was lightly panting.

“Do you know what I realized after I killed that pig-like bitch?”

“If... you really want to talk, just, talk..... Just don't bother me, with questions.....!”

Jude was barely able to reply trying to hold his conscious, and Lloyd's voice got really low.

“There are so many bitches like her in the world. And there are still the neighbors left who knew I was getting beat up, but they just ignored it and stayed in their warm house and busy laughing. It seems like there are plenty of humans that need to shut their mouth. Besides I have a knife in my hand. A strength that no one can take it away from me.”

Don't think the knife as the strength that people can't take it away. At least you should have a thing that's in my holster..... No, this is not it. Jude was thinking with a blank mind and shook his head. He bit his lips to bring back his shaking sight.

“You know Alvin Johns, detective? That guy is the most famous guy recently. It's not that different what he did and what I did, right? So, I'm gonna be like him. A normal salary man deeply engraved in people's mind. I want to be that kind of person. People will understand me because I'm doing something that they can't do it themselves. I'm doing the job that I need to do. I'm disposing all those society's eyesore instead of incompetent police!”

Right after Lloyd brought up Alvin Johns' name in awe, Jude who was frowning in pain and irritation smirked. Jude couldn't hold his scoffs, and Lloyd coldly asked still with some excitement.

“Why are you laughing, detective?”

“No, you know..... Alvin Johns, huh. Haha. I don't want to defend him or anything, but, haha, how should I say it. You, being like him? I think that's not possible.”

“Why is it not possible? I realized it. There are plenty of people who are allowed for me to kill. I am doing something in justice. Alvin Johns ran away

probably because he thought he doesn't have any reason to get executed.....!"

"Hahahaha! Those damn media, how did they explain this. Ju, justify? Ha! Do think Alvin Johns will put a reason to his action? That guy didn't need any reason. He just did it because he wanted to do it. Isn't it simple? If he had any exact and boring reason like yours, it would be less tiring for me. Instead of that kind of justified reason, a pure desire moves people more easily. There is nothing I could say."

"Bo, boring reason....?"

"Yeah, if it's not boring then what, Mr. Lloyd. Just because you heard some nagging by your mom, you planned to kill your mom for over 20 years. If this is not useless, then what is. I didn't want to rank those homicidal maniac, but if I measure the grade of danger level, you can't even reach toe of Alvin Johns. Actually that's better for me."

"What do you know?! What do you know about me....!"

"The first body we found showed the limit to a human. The tips of the fingers were all smashed, and it showed he cut the body's heel. The eyes were sink in, and it even had several needles pocked, I think. He made a small hole in the stomach and skillfully took out the intestine and laid it out long. And I can't leave out electrical torture."

Jude laughed once more. The knife that was pointing behind his back shook in anger.

"You want to deal with a guy who committed his first murder like that? Give

up, Mr. Lloyd. That side is better for you. A normal person like you can destroy your mind if you're trying to copy him. Well you'll get caught soon though. But there is a most important reason."

"What....."

"Can you smile and say, 'I was really really curious how much pain a person need to receive to die by only with that pain.' Hah, for someone who killed his mother because of his hatred towards her, trying to be like him, ahhh, it's the funniest thing I've ever heard recently. I should tell it to my partner."

His face is probably red, and his eyes are probably blood-shot red because of anger. Jude analyzed it from the vibration of the knife on his neck. He relaxed his muscle and aimed for his holster. Shoot right away when it's pulled out. If Jude hits his stomach with his elbow right after he grabs the gun, he will have some time to pull the trigger. Or is it better to attack when he lost his control and raise his knife?

"You.....!"

An animal like sound rang in the house. The blade of the knife got off from the neck and as soon as Jude trying to strike with his elbow, Jude and Lloyd stopped at the same time.

Bang bang bang. Bang bang. Bang bang bang. Jude clicked his tongue at the rhythmic sound of door. Why at this time a guest. No, still it might be Tim. He was thinking all different things, but Lloyd roughly grabbed Jude's shoulder and dragged him. He had to get dragged because both of his hands were tied, and he ended up in the restroom. A man who might be a neat salary man was looking at him with a messy look.

“You, you have a handcuff, right?”

“Ah..... I do have it.”

“Take it out. Handcuff your wrist with that pipe.”

“Uh..... Hah. Hm. Okay.”

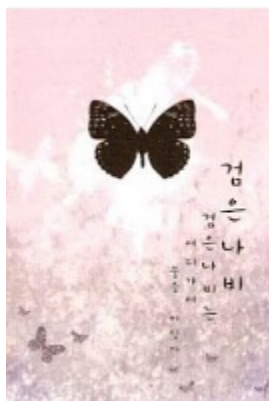
He ended up wearing the shiny handcuff on his wrist, and Lloyd gave him his hand. Jude looked at his hand like “Give you something?” When Lloyd’s face became angry, Jude sighed and gave him the handcuff’s key. He held that in his hand and hurried to the door because of the knocking sound. The restroom door closed.

Guys don't abuse your children.... It's a crime!

Children are supposed to get love and attention! Not a stick or verbal abuse!

[Continue to Part 8](#)

Part. 8



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

An intelligent detective always prepares for a backup. He thought of a line that will make the chief scoff and took out a small piece of metal from his pocket. It will take a while, but maybe it's possible before he comes. Jude prayed that the visitor has some kind of a long story. He put the piece of metal in the handcuff's key hole while listening outside.

“Um, what’s wrong?”

“Ahh, it’s a light service or a kindness to make him have a less trouble.”

"Huh? What are..... You, who..... uhgh!"

There was a short scream, and Jude stopped what he was doing. A sound of a sharp item thrusting inside of a person without a permission. A sound of a wet body part sticking to the metal.

No, actually before that, when there was a quiet voice, his movement was stopped. A sound of a soft and heavy thing falling on a cheap carpet made his heart that didn't even beat fast when Lloyd had his knife behind his back started beat faster. With a calm voice, there was a sound of rustling of clothes. Is he looking through his body. A voice of a low laugh rang in his ear.

"You don't have the right to do that."

Soon after, there was a sound of footstep lightly stepping on the carpet. It feels like a soft leopard's paw stepping on the dirt. The footstep sound go closer. Little by little, in front of the restroom.

The door knob turned.

Right after there was a blue gray eyes between the door gaps, Jude sighed and faced the ceiling.

"-What are you doing here? In this kind of place."

With a faint smile on his face, Alvin put the keys in the key hole. Jude insincerely stared at him and asked.

"What are YOU doing here? In this place."

"I am uncuffing your wrist?"

A bright laughter. Click, with a small sound, the cold ring got uncuffed. He softly removed the handcuff and put that and the key in Jude's pocket.

“I’m telling you.....”

“You were able to uncuff this even though I didn’t come? I know.”

“You’re not cute.”

Jude said it insincerely, and with the smiling face, Alvin lightly touched back of Jude’s neck. His tip of his finger was somehow very delicate like an artist.

“You have a wound.”

“Ah, really? I thought he was pressing with the back of the knife. I guess I was wrong.”

“Since I stabbed him with the knife he was holding, you can say he just committed suicide after talking by himself. Ah, did you perhaps record everything?”

“.....No. It’s not that, but you want me to say like that?”

“Then are you gonna say I came and killed this man? You’re gonna get really tired if that happens.”

That’s true. Jude shook his head while deeply sighing. Alvin Johns came and rescued me and killed that guy? Then there are several problems, why did Alvin Johns do that for Detective Jude? You have contacted with him, right? –these kind of questions. Even if he says no, they will think oh we can lure him using this detective. This kind of absurd trap investigation will come out.

“.....Definitely, I don’t like you....”

“Ahaha, don’t be like that too much.”

“So, let me just ask you for a reason. Why did you come?”

“There are several, but I came thinking it might be fun. But because he was too rookie, I got little bored. The things he was going to do were too obvious. I was thinking of killing him before you came, but you didn’t come out after going in, so I just came in.”

“Ah. It was because of your entertainment.”

Jude nodded his head with dumbfounded face. Alvin kindly smiled.

“It was that too. Anyway, you know if there is some interesting part, you want to see it?”

“Aha, I was just an extra.”

“Uh? I didn’t say that. Are you mad?”

Tips of Jude’s lips went down hearing a light laughter and stood up. He brushed off the dusts on his pants. Jude made a moaning sound frowning, “Mmmm” like a person who’s intensely choosing between vanilla and chocolate ice cream for 20 seconds. Soon he shrugged his shoulders and took out his phone from his pocket and turned his head and said to Alvin.

“You, go now.”

“Are you gonna be okay?”

“Don’t say nonsense. You aren’t gonna get caught anyway even if I call for backups. Are you gonna get caught? I’ll call them. I’m always waiting to be kind to people.”

“Hahaha, then see you later. I do want to have a relaxing time with detective, but I don’t have enough time. Next time, we might see again if there is another interesting murderous intent.”

“Go fast. I’m gonna call Tim..... Ah, Tim? Yes, I’m sorry. I’m at the motel. Yeah, where Mr. Lloyd is staying. You know, it’s little long to talk. Yeah. To say it simple, Mr. Lloyd is the killer..... Don’t shout. Send in some cleaning team. There is a body..... Ah, did I get hurt? Yeah, not in particular.... Okay. I’ll wait for you.”

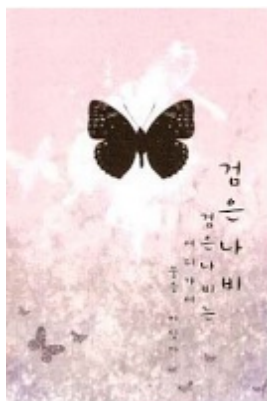
When he turned his head after closing his phone, a young man with grey blue eyes was gone.

Jude stared at the spot where Alvin was standing little tiredly and went out the restroom after a short sigh. Lloyd’s body on the floor with the knife thrust deeply through his neck. Jude complained a little opening a window feeling a familiar bloody smell entering his lung and waited for Tim to arrive.

My mistake guys.... the summary and chapter one had Alvin's name wrong.... It's 'Alvin' not 'Alvis' So Don't Get Confused!!

[Continue to Part 9](#)

Part. 9



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Bepp

The after was somehow got completed.

He had the recorded proof. It had little bit of empty time, but it was decided that Jude's explanation was acceptable. "So, this bastard threatened you, and after telling his childhood story, he killed himself by stabbing himself to his neck?" with his boss's question, Jude casually said, "Yes." Who knows if Jude had some guiltiness in him? The police was satisfied that a big case got solved, and Jude didn't have anything annoyed him.... No, it seemed like he won't have it.

It was rather Tim who bothered him. After hearing his partner's news through the phone, he ran to him right away. After checking that he's okay, he made Jude astounded by screaming at him.

"Are you stupid?! If you had a hunch, you should've came with me. Why did you go by yourself?!"

"Uh? Ah, so, Tim....."

"Are you the only detective? Are you? I couldn't be that trusted? Is that why

you went alone?!”

“No, Tim, it’s not like that.....”

Jude perplexedly looked at extremely mad Tim. Jude scratched his cheek and said it timidly unlike him.

“Ah, I’m sorry. I was trying to just record the evidence. I didn’t know he was gonna suddenly turn out like that. And I thought it was good to go by myself to get the confession..... How should I say this, if you go knowing Lloyd is the killer, um, you are too kind or too honest? I thought you were gonna show too much, and I thought if both of us go, it would pressure him too much..... I didn’t mean bad.”

Tim stared at Jude sullenly for a while and sighed like a parent who has a troublemaking child. He rubbed Jude's hair with his big and skinny hand. “Next time, go after telling me what’s going on. So I can go in as a backup if you don’t come out for a long time.” Jude smiled like he felt sorry and nodded his head.

A little cloudy and uncomfortable day, the case got closed, and he liked how he could take time drinking his coffee and eating his sandwich, but one voice rang in his ear. Not the madness confession that the criminal cried out. It was quiet blue grey’s voice.

Where there is an interesting murderous intent.

“At the end, you were wishing for a stimulus.....”

He murmured like it’s nothing with his sleepy voice and ate his sandwich.

-And it wasn't that much later where Jude got involved in that 'interesting murderous intent' again.

It is rare to have a serial killer that thrills one generation and gets written on a criminology book as a bold words in the chapter contents. But underneath the surface, there are definitely serial killers kill quietly without getting noticed. And those people's methods are very diverse. If they get hooked on one method, they get obsessed with it. There are variety of killing method: poison, strangulation, stabbing, beating, and more, but one thing for sure is extremely cruel or humane homicide does not exist.....

-Hello,

It's obvious, but I'm still traveling.

I think it's true that traveling is better than staying at home. There are way more things to see and fun things happening. Rather I like now than before. I have appetite.

I think I found something more interesting, so I'm just watching it. I'm wishing it doesn't get bored too soon. I'm hoping it will make me more interested than that man before, but who knows. I'm not sure how it will turn out.

It's been a while since we saw each other. I'm curious how the detective is. If you're okay we should meet someday. Of course, I will be the one who going to you. I don't dislike that much that the detective is still a detective. Then I'll write again.

-Alvin Johns

"It's already two people gone missing?"

-He is such a diligent guy. Jude insincerely folded the third letter that comes regularly once a week in his pocket. Jude asked Tim who was driving next to him. Tim looked at Jude who put away the letter little uneasily and answered with a small trace of anxiousness.

“Yeah. It looks like a big family that's pretty rare to see these days. I heard parents and children, grandparents, uncle and nephews and nieces live all together. They reported because suddenly grandpa and one niece disappeared one after another.”

“What was their name? Ra..Ra....:

“Rice family. It’s the family that lives apart from the city. You know those places where there aren’t that many neighbors, but they all have good relationship.”

“Ahhh. The place where city people want to go after they retire.”

Jude rhythmically shook his head following the old pop song coming out from the radio and looked at the outside view. If they drive little bit outside of the city, the view changes to countryside very fast. After passing the banner of the town’s name with a simple font and plain ground with neat gardens, Tim slowly pressed on the brake and checked for the address.

“It’s this place.”

“Oh, the house is pretty big.”

“Think about the size of the family. If it’s not this big, won't it be really tight for

them?”

In the house's garden, compare to normal house it's pretty big but looks older, an old lady was holding a pair of secateurs to cut off the branches. On her circular and chubby face, it was full of tiredness, so Tim and Jude carefully approached her after getting off from the car. Because there was a sudden sound of people, she got surprised, and on her face, it was full of fear. She stepped back and held her pair of secateurs at them. Tim quickly showed her his police badge.

“We are the police. You reported, right?”

“Ah.... Yes, ah, um, come in.”

The face that was probably happy and gentle before now had shadow of wariness and some dispirited. She put down her pair of secateurs and roughly wiped her hands with her apron. They followed her guide and went inside the old house. The interior looked like it won't have any furniture that's less than 10 years old. The two detectives set in front of the old table, and the old lady put down two tea cups in front of them with long sigh of worry and sat across from them. Her voice was little lowly hoarse.

“I'm sorry. These days there are some horrible things happening.... My name is Marsha Rice. You can just call me Marsha. I'm the wife of Martin Rice. Since there is no one but me in the house, you guys have to hear the story from me.”

“I'm Tim and this friend is Jude. So, can you explain to us what happened?”

Once more there was a long sigh. The lady who had her eyes closed and pressed her forehead against her hand soon opened her eyes half-way and

opened her mouth.

“Actually I hope someone comes and explains to me too..... The day my father-in-law and my niece disappeared are five and three days ago. When my father-in-law disappeared, I thought he went fishing with his friends without telling us, but when Jane also disappeared, something felt weird. It did not look like a coincidence. As you can see, this place is a small public place that if something happens, at least one person would know. But no one knew where they were. I feel like I got possessed by a ghost.... My children are nervous, and my mother-in-law, my husband, and Ret..... Ret is my younger brother and father of Jane. Those three are dejectedly waiting for my father-in-law and Jane’s return.”

“Was there a big fight with someone recently?”

“No, definitely not. There is no unfriendly neighbor, and we never argued. Just.... Because of money issue, we had an argument with our relative, but it, it wasn’t that big to do this to our family. It.... wasn’t that kind of a fight that would cause this.”

“Perhaps, do you know where they went before they disappeared?”

The lady shook her head right away. She had a painful expression that she couldn’t answer the question. Her pale lips opened precariously.

“I don’t know. Both of them went out in the morning, but Jane didn’t come back after her school. We asked her friends, but no one knew after they got separated. This neighborhood doesn’t have kids in her age. There is no one walking with her to the school, so we don’t know anything until she comes back.”

“How about your father-in-law?”

“My father-in-law went out early in the morning. He had a plan to meet with his friends for lunch in downtown, but he went out little earlier. He was actually that kind of a man. But when I asked his friend, they said he didn’t even come to the meeting place. Up to that point, I was little nervous, but I wasn’t sure. But two days later after Jane disappeared, I couldn’t think of anything..... There was no ransom call. They just disappeared.....!”

Jude stared at the lady who covered her mouth with her apron to hide her frowning lips with full of emotion. He turned and had an eye contact with Tim. Is there anything else we can get? No, except for the victims’ names, she doesn’t know anything. Okay, then let’s look around. Her eyes were all red, and Tim carefully talked to her.

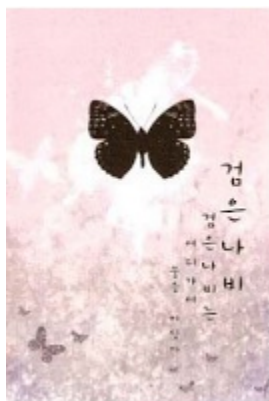
“Then, can we get that relative’s name and address? We will tell you right away if there is further information about the case.”

“Okay, she’s my mother-in-law’s younger sister. Her name is Liz.....”

Oh new case! I wonder what happened and what will happen?!!

[Continue to Part 10](#)

Part.10



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

“This place is a small public place that if something happens, at least one person would know? Then it’s obvious.”

“Yeah. Somebody is probably lying.”

They were walking out of the neatly done garden, and Jude nodded. It is very rare that two people from same household get picked by a killer outside. Even in two days. If it’s like that, the radar gets close to neighbors, relatives, or family members. But if all of those people say, ‘I don’t know,’ a person with dark hearted with gentle mask exists.

“First let’s look around house to house. There must be a place where it’s unnatural.”

“Ah, it’s so hot..... Huh?”

Jude sighed with messing up his not-so-short hair. He saw two children coming

into the garden and stopped walking. A girl with a brown braid hair and a little bigger boy holding her hand. They were fidgeting walking toward Jude and Tim, and the boy hesitantly opened his mouth.

“Um, who are you guys?”

“We are police. Are you guys kids from this house?”

Tim asked with gentle smile and bent his knee to match their view point, and the girl slowly nodded her head. He looked about 11 years old, and the girl looked around three, four years younger.

“I’m Luke, and she is my sister Ann. Um, you guys came because of my grandpa and Jane, right? Did you find them?”

“No, sorry. We just came because of your mom’s report. We were about to start our investigation. Did anything strange happened on the day when your grandpa and Jane disappeared? Like something was different than usual or they went somewhere and didn’t come back.”

The boy frowned and thought hardly about it and shook his head.

“No. Sorry. I don’t know. I went to school in the morning. And the end time is different from Jane’s. I don’t know well.”

“.....Okay, I got it.”

“Jane and grandpa went to heaven.”

Suddenly there was a child's inarticulate words, and everyone's attention got on to the small girl. The girl with the brown braided hair was holding tightly on her brother's hand and opened her mouth again at everyone's surprised face and said it very clearly.

"Jane and grandpa went to a good place. If the time has passed this much, then they already went to heaven. That's what the next door man told me. He told me they went to a good place."

"Ann, stop it."

Luke stopped her with shaking his hand holding her hand, and Ann looked at Luke like it's unfair. Her small lips plumped.

"I'm serious! That's why everyone at Mrs. Sarkozy....."

"I told you to stop it, Ann! I'm gonna tell mom!"

The boy screamed, and Ann's cheek moved and blushed. Her brown eyes soon filled with tears. Tim quickly tapped the girl's head and lulled the girl saying, "Now now. It's a good girl if you don't cry," and said, "Take care of your mother," to Luke. But Jude cunningly was standing distant from them.

While his kind partner was talking to the kids, he was looking at that scene and just shook his head at them and came out from Rice's garden earlier than Tim. Behind him, Tim ran to him saying, "Jude, hey, you bastard!" and slapped his back.

The neighbors that Tim and Jude met after they got separated from Rice siblings, just like Marsha told them, were very normal and kind people. Old people living quietly and peaceful life. They really looked sad at what happened to Rice family, but no one remembered what happened to them on that day.

“Those poor people. They never did anything bad. Marsha took care of every single of family member, and they all had good terms. Tsk tsk, pity them. Their heart must be burning right now.”

A next door widow, Mrs. Rochester, did a sign of the cross and said, “You guys are working hard. It’s really nothing but take these” and gave them cookies that she just baked. She forced the cookies on them. They took that bag of cookies and went to Mr. Melvin’s house. When they told him the story that children told them, he panicked a little and shook his two hands.

“I admit that I took out words little irresponsibly, but that’s to calm the little child down. And, and isn’t it true that a missing person to come back home safely is rare?”

They told him still it was very insensitive of him to take that out to a child and went to the next door Mrs. Sarkozy’s house. Mrs. Sarkozy saw the cookie bag that Jude was holding and smiled saying, “Oh my, it must be a work of Mrs. Rochester. She’s really good” and gave them cup of tea.

“It wasn’t like they never had an issue since they are such a big family, but still they were a happy family. I don’t know what happened, but I hope they get over it well.”

They said bye to her who was praying to the cross, and the two detective stopped their investigation for a short time. It was after they heard the stories

from all the people who are related to Rice family. They sat in the car, and Jude stretched with little bit bored face. A sunlight coming inside through the window was hot.

“They are all perfect.”

“.....Yeah. If it’s unnatural, it’s unnatural, but if you look through a pair of color glasses, it doesn’t have anything that looks weird..... But what’s wrong today? You didn’t even touch the cookies.”

“Ahh. I ate something before coming here without telling you.”

“.....You bastard. Then I’m gonna eat these by myself.”

“Sure. I will let you with my kind heart, Mr. Timothy Maxwell.”

Tim laughed at him waving his hand and hold one cookie. He put the cookie in his mouth and start chewing on it, but his expression changed to weird. Jude looked at him strangely and asked him.

“Why? Is it weird?”

“No.... um, it’s too sweet. It’s good, but I’ll get sick of it soon. Should I give it to the station later?”

“It’s you who doesn’t like sweet. Well, give it to them. I’ll kindly tell them why you are giving it to them.”

“Damn you..... Let’s start get going to the station and search their relatives and background of the neighbors. And let’s contact that Liz person who had an argument with them. I should eat something after we get there.”

He closed the cookie bag and put it on the back seat and turned on the engine.

-About 10 minutes while Jude was rhythmically shaking his head to an old pop, the car started to shake. It wasn’t like the car went over some big rock on the road; it was like the driver couldn’t hold the handle well. But there isn’t any obstacle on this road, why? –Jude questioned and turned his head, and Jude ended up in shock.

“Tim? Tim! What’s wrong?”

The brown hair detective’s face was full of sweat. A frowning face and pale lips, he looked very painful, and Jude asked why, and he bit his lips.

“.....I don’t know..... My stomach.... It feels, like, throwing.....”

“Your stomach hurts? Why so suddenly..... Urgh! Tim, Tim, Tiiiiiiiiim!”

Jude felt he had to give a bag for him to throw up because Tim was posing to throw up. When he hastily was looking for a bag, Tim let go of the handle and fainted. The car started to shake dangerously and headed to the pavement, and Jude screamed his partner’s name and barely was able to step on the brake.

Screech! With a nerve racking sound, the car stopped with a small smoke. Right after the car stopped, Jude urgently called Tim and checked his complexion. His shirt was drenched in sweat, and his face was pale. The

breathing sound changed to fast and light. And the arm and leg that he was grabbing felt stiff, and that reminded him of rigor mortis.

“Tim! What’s wrong suddenly, Tim! Wake up!”

He didn’t have any response even though he slapped his cheeks few times. He shook his body few times and soon moved Tim to the back seat and sat on the driver’s seat. Where was the closest emergency room? Usually Tim was the one who drove, so Jude didn’t even have to look at the navigation. He searched on the navigation and pressed on the gas little bit stronger than how Tim usual does.

Merry Christmas!!! You thought the Christmas gift was over huh? Well you're wrong! This is my another Christmas gift for you guys~

[Continue to Part 11](#)

Part. 11



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

Translator: Love Hwarang

Editor/Proofreader: Itane

The smell of medicine hit the nose.

Jude leaned on the white hospital wall and blankly stared at the ceiling. Why did Tim do that? I have heard him saying his stomach hurts until now. Did that guy eat something bad before starting the investigation? He thought of a few things, but the sound of walking grabbed his attention. He suddenly moved his sight, making the woman doctor a little surprised. He asked her, frowning.

“What happened?”

“Ah, Yes.... It’s a symptom of poison. You guys came fast, and he’s healthy. Plus it was way below lethal dose, so he’ll be okay.”

Jude's eyes got wider. Poison? What poison. It was more shocking than food poisoning.

"A poison?"

"Yes, we tested, and arsenic came out. Perhaps, did he work in a factory?"

".....We are detectives?"

"Ah, then did you guys stay in some kind of factory or closed factory for an investigation for a long time?"

".....That never happened, and if that happened, I would've gotten poisoned too."

The doctor tilted her head like she didn't understand.

"That's weird. A reason why he got poisoned then..... Ah, did he take some kind of drug a lot at once or eat fruits without washing?"

"No, not that I know of. He doesn't take medicines..... Before coming here, he only ate a cookie one woman....."

Because of the shock that hit his head, Jude blankly stopped his word. The doctor looked at him weirdly, but Jude ran out of the hospital. He ignored the doctor's shout, "You, you can't run in the hospital!" He ran as fast as he could to the parking lot and breathed heavily and opened the car door.

The thing that he urgently took to the doctor was a bag of cookies that didn't even cool down. The sweet scent of cookies was coming out.

The situation was clear.

There was a large amount of arsenic in the cookies, and when a few more of those could've been a lethal dose of poison, the police arrested Mrs. Rochester right away. She looked very confused when she was brought to the station, and when they told what happened to Tim, her face turned pale and shivered and told them there's no way. She cried and denied the crime, but that kind of reaction made it worse for her. She was even about to get the murder charges of the disappearance of the Rice family members. People were saying that she is a pleasure-killer, that enjoys feeding poison to people around her. The situation was already like an accusation from fact. Jude who was watching Mrs. Rochester's interrogation scene thought about something and tilted his head side to side. It didn't look serious at all, but he stood up strongly from his seat and headed to the hospital where Tim was staying.

When he opened the door insincerely by pushing it with his foot, his partner who got the gastric lavage and after got BAL (British Anti-Lewisite) and woke up smiled weakly on the bed getting an IV.

"Hey. I really thought I was gonna die."

"Yeah. It's reeeally good that you are fine. It's my first time thinking it's fortunate that you don't like sweets."

"Hahaha..... that's true."

"But Mrs. Rochester is not the guy."

Because of what he said without any warning, Tim blankly stared at Jude for a while and was barely able to open his mouth.

“.....What? What do you mean?”

“Mrs. Rochester got arrested in her house. She is being interrogated right now, and she’s getting all the charges. This does not look right. The two members of the Rice family is still missing. Whoever the criminal is, the person hid them pretty well. But she mixed arsenic proudly in the cookies for us? She can’t be that stupid.”

“Hm, if you only see the situation..... but the evidences...”

“Yeah, if you see the evidences, Mrs. Rochester have to be the person. At least you, no, us for attempted murder since the cookies were made by her. So I’m thinking of going to her house right now. Since we need to know which ingredient had arsenic mixed in it.”

Jude stared at Tim who had a serious face solemnly for a short second but soon smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

“I just thought I should tell Tim Oppa who just came back from the dead at least this much.”

“Okay, thanks. Stay safe.”

“Got it. Rest well.... Ah, Tim. Should I buy cookies on the way?”

“Be quiet.”

Small giggles were shared, and Jude walked out lightly. For a second he was annoyed to be the driver.

Long time no see! Finally Black Butterfly came out... I was little focused on KTL now I should divide that focus~

Anyway

We have a new editor! Her name is Itane and she will be proofreading Black Butterfly! Welcome her~

[Continue to Part 12](#)

Part. 12



Black Butterfly by Beep Beep Beep
Proofreader/Editor: Itane

When he went back to the town and visited Mrs. Rochester's house, the door was opened. While slowly looking around the quiet house, Jude took out his phone and asked to talk to Mrs. Rochester. Soon there was a mid-age woman on the phone, "Hello?" Her voice was full of breakdown and fear. Jude's voice was very calm.

"Um, Mrs. Rochester? You know the cookies that you gave it to us? Was there any weird thing about it?"

[....Weird, thing? Not sure, I just made it like usual.... I was actually going to give it to Marsha's house, but you guys came, so I gave it to you guys.]

"Is that so? Then was there a person helped you in the kitchen recently?"

[Excuse me, young detective. We are in very good terms to each other in our town. There is always a person coming for help. Marsha came, Melvin's wife, and Mrs. Sarkozy even came too.]

"Who was the last person to come?"

[The last....? I'm not sure, all of them come by frequently..... Wait a minute. Was it Marsha or Mrs. Sarkozy..... Ahh, Mrs. Sarkozy came a night before you guys came to help me cook chicken breast. During lunch time, I went to Marsha's house.]

"After that, do you have any other food that you made except for the cookies you baked for us?"

Over the phone, the lady repeated, "Mm..." like she's confused. Was it because she could not tell why Jude was asking this question?

[After you guys left, I did bake some scones separately for myself, but I was fine..... But why? Do you think I put the poison in the cookies?]

"Ma'am, think carefully. The ingredients that go in the bread and cookie are similar. Was there something especially you took out while making the scones? Do you remember?"

There was a short pause. While looking through every single cabinet, Jude waited for the answer. After looking inside all of the cabinets, Jude was touching each one of the spices on the counter, there was a little bit of surprise in the voice.

[Now that I remember.... I'm on a diet right now..... so I made it without sugar. That's right, I did that. I made it without sugar.]

His hand stopped at the sugar container. Jude smiled.

"Really? Thank you. I'll bring you a good news soon so prepare for your diet plan.

Ah, and don't get scared of those people's attitude towards you. That's all their jobs. Thank you for the cookies. I'll see you later."

Jude ignored the voice coming from the other side, from his colleague detective or his boss, "What, Jude, what are you....!" and closed the lid happily. After looking around the sugar container, he put that in his pocket and came out from the house.

For a short time he thought about the two kinds of possibilities, either this is still a dangerous material or not anymore, and shook his head. There isn't any testing kit, so there is one thing he could do. There was a pigeon on the ground, and Jude poured some of the white powder in the sugar container out. The pigeon started to peck on the pile of white powder, and Jude just observed the bird.

A moment later, the pigeon trembled and froze on the ground. Its legs lost its power, and the body was trembling and the eyes were rolling away. The sound of a bird in pain echoed in the air, and when the flapping wings stopped, the pigeon froze completely and didn't move. When Jude quietly looked at the scene and lifted up his head, he was little surprised. From not too far away, a young daughter of Rice family was standing there. She looked at the pigeon's death with her eyes wide opened.

Jude felt perplexed and thought about an excuse to tell her, but the child asked Jude with a sad face.

"Did it go to heaven?"

"Huh? Ah, yes, probably...."

"But it looked painful when it was dying....."

"Mm, it was probably in pain. But you, where is your older brother?"

"He went out with his friends, so I'm playing by myself."

I'm not too good with children. I felt a little difficult and scratched back of my head, but Anne murmured.

".....He said going to heaven, is a good thing..... Mr. Melvin told me..... Just like Mr. Sarkozy, Jane and Grandpa are going to a good place....."

"Yes..... Wait, Mr. Sarkozy?"

"Yes. Mrs. Sarkozy's husband. He passed away not so long ago. He went fishing with her but fell off the boat. They said that the water was too deep, and that it took them a long time to find his body. By that time, fish had already eaten most of the....."

Anne frowned like she thought of something horrible and soon quietly sighed. When I first met this child, she said, "It's true! Everyone said Mrs. Sarkozy's...." She was about to say everyone said Mrs. Sarkozy's husband went to heaven. I nodded my head slightly, but Anne said sadly with slightly slurred words.

".....Mrs. Sarkozy, called our family to give food to a lot of times.... She frequently invited me and my Oppa, Jane and Grandpa, and Mom and Dad. I go there to eat snacks sometimes."

"Ahh, okay."

"Jane too, went to Mrs. Sarkozy's house to drink tea..... I wonder where she went after she came out from there."

That was like slowly becoming more assured. Without getting excited, Jude asked Anne quietly.

"When Jane disappeared, did you see Jane going inside Mrs. Sarkozy's house after school?"

“Yes. She did that often.”

“Did you see her coming out?”

“No, I.... soon.... hm..... went to play with Matilda. But why? Isn't it obvious that you come out when you go in?”

There were lots of things not obvious especially in my job, I see that a lot. I just murmured inside my head and closed my mouth, but Anne smiled brightly and raised her hand.

“Ah, Mrs. Sarkozy!”

Jude turned his body. From a step just inside the door, a lady with light brown hair with slightly gray hair quietly smiled gently and waved her hand. Because that smile was neither of sadness or happiness, Jude greeted her with an indifferent face. When he followed her eyes, there was a dead pigeon and white powder on the ground. When he looked at her again, Mrs. Sarkozy had a mysterious smile on her face and politely talked to Jude.

“-Came again, detective. Would you like some tea?”

“-I have some good tea came in recently. I was thinking of giving some to Marsha's house.”

“.....Ah, yes.”

“It was really hard to get it. But I get really happy seeing all those black teas.”

“Ma'am.”

“I'm doing some useless collecting. I don't even have a husband to drink it with.....”

“M-a’-a-m.”

When I called her with a listless voice, a middle-aged lady with a gentle face pouring tea in a white china tea cup looked at me with a light smile.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s not what’s wrong. Let’s end this fast. I don’t feel like laughing and playing along with you even though you know everything. Here, I kindly brought a recorder. Now confess.”

“What confession.”

Jude made an “Ahhhh-“ sound and roughly messed up back of his hair. He had a face like he got a month worth of homework at once from a teacher with a nasty personality. He didn’t even look at the teacup in front of him and pulled his hair and opened his mouth like he’s annoyed.

“Let’s don’t do this. You inwardly wanted us to find out. The fact that you didn’t clean up the sugar container is like telling people you want them to notice you. You did that because you were done and ready to confess. I honestly didn’t think that the sugar container would be there. I just expected some little left over powder, but you didn’t clean it up at all. That’s obvious. So, confess. I’m tired too, and I don’t really have a special goodwill towards you. I’m really tired because I had to drive, something that I usually don’t do, because you hurt my partner.”

“.....Is that how it works?”

Her smile didn’t disappear. The middle-aged, petite woman who put her gray streaked hair up nicely closed her eyes, and started smelling the nice scent from the tea cup. I don’t have a noble side of me to sympathize with her hobby of enjoying teas. I looked at her a little bored, but soon the lady opened her eyes and put down the teacup. The silence continued a little bit more.

“First, I think I should thank you.”

“Thank me for what? Thanking me for catching you?”

“Yes.”

This is a fresh answer. It wasn't like I didn't expect it at all, but still I never had chance to hear this kind of thing from a criminal, so my body got surprised first. I had my head little bit tilted, but Mrs. Sarkozy kindly looked at Jude and continued on.

“I worried if you guys were bad detectives. I wanted you guys to find out I'm the criminal no matter what. This isn't because of some kind of heroic sense. It's because I'm even afraid of myself. I don't even know how far I can go.”

“Why did you do it?”

“I lost my mother when I was little. My father who was a drug addict stabbed my mother in an alley and ran away. That was when I was nine.”

Because of the sudden story from the past, Jude quietly closed his mouth. She just rubbed the tip of the teacup and continued calmly. Her tone of voice was like she was reading a fairytale.

“No one helped me. I ran out to the big street and screamed for help, but people who looked out the windows and people who walked pass the street, no one came to help me. I don't plan to criticize them. I don't think they ignored me with just cold indifference. You know the famous incident long time ago, detective? Long time ago, in an apartment in New York, thirty-eight residents just looked out the window with their lights on while a woman named Genovese got murdered, and her dead body got raped. That big incident where no one reported. Mine was similar. They weren't evil. It was more like avoiding a responsibility and dilemma. Another person will do it, what if it's just a prank?

What if I get in danger? They probably thought many similar things. I don't think it was their fault."

She stopped for a second and put both of her hands on her knees. The smile that was constantly kept on her face was slightly shaking.

"But that incident gave me a big trauma for sure."

".....Ah, I see."

"It was from then that's when I started to feel a little weird. I began to like to play with fire when my heart was cold. When I saw a fire devour other items, I felt at peace and happy, like being addicted to drugs. Until then, I didn't think that I was that weird. Kids play with fire all the time. But when I first imagined myself making my beloved orphanage director drink Clorox, I realized that I'm weird. It was an impulse that I couldn't forget."

An impulse. That's a difficult word. Jude crossed his arms and leaned on the chair. It is not recommended to stay in crouched position while listening to a story that's going to be long.

Her story continued.

"While I was growing up, that impulse got stronger. And as I got older, I had lots of chances to interact with toxins. Even if it's a dangerous toxin, if you try a little bit hard, you can find out where to get it. The knowledge is exposed in pretty dangerous ways. I absorbed information quickly and got totally hooked on ways of dying."

In her quiet calm voice, there was a flame that I can't tell what color it was. But I was sure that it wasn't a normal light, but the lady's action was very controlled.

"There are many killing methods. Shooting with a gun, slashing with a knife, and recently what Alvin Johns did, torturing. Hanging, beheading, and countless

more. Humans know countless ways to wipe out their own kind. But amongst those. The thing I got most hooked on, was poisoning. There are many kinds of poisons. Mixing ways, concentration, and differently manufactured poisons give all different varieties of symptoms. Slowly or quickly. Everything was able to happen by my own hand.”

“For your impulse, is that why you put your hands on Rice Family and Mrs. Rochester?”

Just like somebody who’s seeing something moving in the hand, Mrs. Sarkozy who was looking at her hands with her eyes wide opened, raised her head at Jude’s question and smiled. It wasn’t only a bright smile, but there was some good emotion in it.

“Even though I lived in a quiet place, the impulse did not let go of me. I think you know where the start of the first impulse was.”

“Ah, it’s your husband.”

He said it insincerely, and her smile got a little lighter. Her eyes were fixed into many frames on the country style wallpaper that had the couple’s pictures in it. A man who’s smiling brightly, and a woman smiling brightly next to him. There was no doubt of happiness in those memories. She smiled.

“I was happy. Roy did so well to me. He didn’t know my impulse until his death..... He treated me like a flower in a greenhouse. But I couldn’t stop myself from spreading poison in my husband’s lunch. It felt like a magma looking for a place to explode. I felt like I would be destroyed if I held it in longer. I wasn’t in my right mind.”

“Aha. Like a drug.”

“Yes, like a drug. I send my husband away like that, but instead of being sad, I felt that impulse was smiling at how it found a place to be released. From then

on, the magma came out without stopping. I was able to hold it in for a short time, but that impulse came back again. Thanks to my husband who worked in manufacturing, there were many toxins in the house I could use. Of course there are some things I personally collected myself. The cards in my hand was overflowing, and I couldn't stand not showing my cards to people."

"So, is that why you called the Grandpa and Jane like usual and put poison in their foods?"

The lady put her head down little bit and nodded. Her face was little dark, but there was no trace of regret or fear. She closed her eyes and murmured some kind of a prayer and carefully drank the hot tea and opened her mouth towards Jude.

"I'm not planning to think it was right to kill those two neighbors. That's why I left my evidence like that too. When I went to Mrs. Rochester's house to switch the sugar with the arsenic sugar, I wasn't planning to get that back. I thought I would get caught if Mrs. Rochester died. I didn't think they won't able to catch the killer before the whole town was dead. Since I can't press down my impulse anymore, I didn't even know what I'm going to do myself. I knew if I had a chance to put poison in the water supply, I would do it without any hesitation. And I knew I would lay my hands on people who are close to me first like Roy. I was afraid of that."

"You are saying you love them, but you need to kill them?"

"Detective. That can't be pressed down. I'm going to do this until I die. I know that better than anybody else. If people I can kill exist near me, I will start with easy targets. Like people who trust me and don't suspect me. It's not because I hate them. It's like an instinct to me. It's like an addiction to gambling. You can never stop. That's why I wanted you to find me."

".....Because of the way you told me this, you look way nicer than someone I know. This is a very tricky situation."

He sighed insincerely and looked at Mrs. Sarkozy who had her hand on her chest. Her desperate face was very new to him.

“So, where did you hide the bodies?”

“It’s at the basement freezer. It’s usually used for storing big pieces of meat, but it was a perfect place to hide the body in plastic wrap. I don’t think it have started to rot that badly.”

“Ok, nice job.”

Click, Jude pressed the stop button on the recorder. Mrs. Sarkozy didn’t look that different than when she first started to tell the story and calmly lifted up the cooled down china teacup. Unlike her calm face, her hand was little shaking. Is it because she feels the futility that everything has ended, or because she confessed and felt complicated. Or because of something else?

Jude felt that something was weird. He put the recorder in his pocket and tilted his head.

“Do you have more thing to say?”

“.....Detective, I’m sorry.”

“Huh? What are you talking about? Why suddenly?”

“I held you with my unnecessary long story. I even made a ruckus trying to give you some tea.”

Well, I don’t care because it’s better to have confession long and detail? And I didn’t even touch the tea? –Jude was trying to say that, but felt something was strange and frowned. There is no use of apologizing for something that’s not worth to apologize. She’s apologizing because she did something that she had to

apologize for.

“.....Ma’am, perhaps..... Somebody else.....”

“I’m sorry. But it was the last chance that I can fancily lit up my impulse. It was like a last small festival before I get caught by you... I won’t ask you to understand, but I had to drag some time.”

Jude stood up hastily. While putting his hand on both the handcuff and gun, Jude asked with a little annoyed face.

“Who is it?”

“It’s no use if you go right now. I know well that Marsha’s tea time is around five since I lived as her neighbor for over ten years. Always around that time, she boils peppermint tea and leaves it until it cools down a little bit, and she has a habit of drinking it a little fast. So..... I asked a part-timer who works in their house to walk the dog. I told him that my cup changed with hers while eating a meal last time, so without telling her to switch the cups. I asked him to put this cup on her table, and since I have her cup. A cup with aconite poison.... I got Marsha’s cup from him and came back.... It’s the cup I’m using right now. It’s probably too late. The effect takes at once. Faster like Marsha who drinks fast.”

Jude stared at that calm look and sighed deeply.

“Why did you confess? You said you were afraid of killing beloved ones.”

“I’m sorry. But I wanted to finish this and get caught. More than a human..... the thing that controlled me strongly was that impulse.”

“Was that a secondary problem..... Haaa, Goodness. I’m gonna get beat up by the chief again if he finds out.”

“I’m sorry, detective. With Marsha being last, soon.....!”

When the lady suddenly opened her mouth wide, Jude didn't realized the situation right away. But when her pupils were unstable and her teacup fell from her hand and broke, Jude quickly approached to her. Her breath was hitched. Her body on the chair was trembling. He tried to make her lie down, the arm he touched was frozen. There wasn't even a scream.

"Ma'am, what's wrong suddenly, Ma'am! Are you sick?"

"No, wa..... why.... Why..... this..... I..... to Marsha....!"

She looked extremely in pain, but she didn't die right away. Jude's wrist that quickly took out and dialed 911, he was strongly grabbed by a floundering hand. At the sound of breath coming out there were clear words coming out occasionally, so Jude paid close attention to it.

".....That.....that.....that person..... That person, that, that, per, son, did.....!"

When he understood the words, there was some kind of a small spark that flashed in his head. Jude became blank like there was a sudden lightening in the middle of the night, and that made him able to see the bright surroundings with his eyes.

Until the sound of ambulance from far away rang, Jude held the lady's shaking hand without a word.

Sorry guys~ it took a while with this one. This part is long because I didn't want to cut in middle of it!

And "Murder of Kitty Genovese" actually happened. It's called "Genovese Syndrome" or bystander effect when people don't do anything because they think other people would do it. Pretty scary.

Enjoy!

(Oppa - younger girl calling older boys)

[Continue to Part 13](#)

Part. 13



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep
Proofreader/Editor: Itane

“-We have to see her state first but seeing how she’s still alive, there is some chance. Did you say you are a detective?”

“Ah, yes yes. I’m Jude. Call me when she becomes stable. The number is..... here. She is the criminal in a case. If she asks for a weird thing when she wakes up, don’t ever give it to her.”

“Huh? C-criminal? Isn’t it better for you to take her along then?”

A paramedic who came in hastily, looked at him a little bit scared. Jude smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

“I still have some things to do. I’ll clean up this mess and then go. I already called

the station, so another detective will come. You don't have to worry about it, good work."

"Yes, Okay..."

He answered a little bit awkwardly. The paramedics went in the ambulance where they put fainted Mrs. Sarkozy and closed the door. Jude stared at the vehicle leaving with black smoke and looked at the residents who came out because of the fuss. Their faces looked like they held no malice, but had question, wariness, and light fear mixed in their expressions.

Marsha who was standing the closest hesitantly approached Jude.

"Uh, detective? What happened? Why was Mrs. Sarkozy..... Did she get sick all of a sudden?"

Jude stared at Marsha quietly for a short time. This is a truth that she needed to know anyway. The fact that her once closest neighbor killed her husband and killed your father-in-law and your niece. And the most troublesome thing was that she had no ill intention at all. The impulse like an addicting to a drug, she will not understand it at all. And if I finish talking about the corpses in the basement freezer, she will probably cry and deny the fact. Her conscience will shatter.

But before that happens, there is one thing I have to ask.

"Ma'am, I have a question."

"Huh? Okay, what....?"

"Did you hire a part-time in your house? Like walking your dog."

"Ah, yes. You mean Albert? It was Jane's or father-in-law's job to walk the dog, but after what happened, everyone was in panic..... There was a traveling

student, so I asked him. He asked me because he was staying at a small inn, but he ran out of money.”

“So, you hired him right after hearing that?”

“Huh? Yes. He looked very responsible and talked really quietly and calmly. I had a feeling that he was like a college assistant instructor. He did his job really well, and he talked with the kids sometimes. Not only he walked the dog, he also helped out with house chores. Like using physical power.... He helped me with decorating the garden. He usually worked in the morning or lunch, why do you ask?”

“.....No..... Mm. How did he look like?”

“His look? His hair was light brown and were his eyes blue? Or grey? And wore a pair of pretty thick framed glasses. He also wore clothes very neatly.”

“Does he still come out for a part-time?”

She still had questioning look and shook her head. She looked at him like she doesn't understand why he was asking that question.

“No. He said he'll work only up to today and leave to travel again. He suddenly told me that today after work. It's too bad, but I said okay. I can't stop him from leaving.”

“.....is that so. When did he leave?”

“It's been a few hours.”

Jude nodded his head with no expression. Behind the door, Marsha's son Luke came out. He was holding something. Marsha and Jude looked at him curiously, and the boy with brown hair ran to Jude. With a little red face, the boy gave Jude something that he was holding. It was a white envelope.

“.....Uh..... What is this, um.... Was it Luke?”

“Yes. Albert told me to give this to a blonde detective if he comes back again. After finishing his work today, he gave this to me and left.”

“Ah, okay.”

Jude opened the blank envelope and opened the paper inside. Looking at a writing that he's used to, Jude quietly sighed.

Did it end well?

It was better than last time. I wasn't that bored watching them. The fun conflict and appearance happened in that lady's inside wasn't that boring. Though it ended up like this in the end, it was going to happen in the future. She might wanted this too.

I did write I found something interesting while traveling, but I didn't know you would be in charge of this case. I was happy to see you, seriously. For a smooth travel, we didn't have time to talk to each other. It's too bad, but I guess we'll have to postpone that. Stay healthy.

-Alvin Johns.

-.....That time, how could I not know..... how could I not know.

When she woke, Jude went to the hospital. She stared at the ceiling and talked to Jude slowly.

When I told my story to that elaborate young man, the eyes that he had that time..... wasn't a pity or fear, it was like a child saw some interesting book in a book store.... Yes, how could I not know.....

She said it up to that and closed her mouth and didn't say anything. Her closed eye lashes were trembling.

Murder of two Rice family member, attempted murder of a police officer, attempted murder of Marsha Rice. Mrs. Sarkozy soon got taken in to the station right after she came out from the hospital. Mrs. Rochester got released, and they said that after the Rice family got a big shock from the neighbor who had a secret side of her for a long time, they prepared to move.

"Jude?"

"Mmmm?"

"Nothing really happened, right?"

A leisure time in a while, Jude who was focusing on spinning a pen three times in a row on his desk looked at his partner who just got discharge from the hospital. Looking at his suspicious face, his sensitive sense that appears sometimes, is working.

"Of course. Why?"

"No, well.... Never mind if you're okay."

Sorry, Tim. Jude apologized inside and touched the letter that he put inside of his pocket. Tim is little too serious sometimes, so if he finds this out, he'll definitely be in a dilemma. He won't be able to do anything even if he knows, so Jude didn't want to tell that a serial killer simply changed his glasses and hair.

When a troublesome sender stepped in, and was after Jude's life again. Jude regularly received a few more letters from him.

“-I don’t want to.”

A little bald middle aged man thought he heard it wrong.

“What? What did you just say, Jude?”

“I told you I don’t want to.”

“What do you mean you don’t want to!? Did I hear it wrong? I said those bastards who habitually rob liquor stores fled to Miami! I will buy you the plane ticket so cooperate with that place before those guys do something else!”

“I told you no.”

“Why are you like this suddenly? Did you have a heatstroke? Why are you being so stubborn?”

“Anyway I don’t want to. You can send other detectives. I would rather do overtime here.”

“Other detectives? Do you think there’s other detective who’s free right now? Since Tim went on a vacation, you should at least go! Or what it is, why are you like this?”

“.....I don’t like planes.”

Crack, a blue vein popped out of the middle-age man’s forehead. The chief who closed his eyes and his fists trembling opened his eyes suddenly and screamed. People who were watching turned away right away because of his scream.

“You are saying that as an excuse?! Don’t say something stupid and leave!”

“I’m serious! Why won’t you believe me? I just told you my weakest point, but

how can you act so coldly? Chief, don't do this to me, I'm not kidding. I really don't like being in a high place! Like, you know you feel nausea and feel like throwing up? Yes? Like you suddenly shiver and feel like going out breaking a window! Think about it, chief. What do you think the media will say if a New York officer throw up in a plane?"

"Yes, you said it well. What do you think media will say if the situation gets worse, and the New York police didn't send a detective, and the criminals act more in triumph? Huh? How can you compare you throwing up in a plane and that? Do you understand? If you get it, pack your stuff!"

"Chief, please, yes? Don't you think poorly of me running around until now? I will rather do more of other people's work at once. I saw the end of my life seven years ago after I rode a plane!"

"Haha, why would I think poorly of you? You saw the end of your life? That's a good experience, see it once more. Since you saw it seven years ago, you might not see it this time."

"Chieffffff-"

"It's not cute! Go fast!"

Jude on a plane~

[Continue to Part 14](#)

Part. 14



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

“Ahh-I really don’t. Want. To. Go-“

After he complained about 37 times to the bald chief and to his partner who went on a vacation, Jude wore a backpack that had the case files and basic necessary toiletry. A big sign that continuously updated points of departure and destinations, an airport speaker with a polite voice, and people carrying luggage, walking busily. It was dinner time, but the airport that had the smell of machines was always busy. Jude looked at the view hopelessly –I’m really at the airport!- and sighed deeply and went on his way.

He gave his ticket to a female worker near the entrance gate and sighed deeply once more. His shoulders went down by themselves. I wasn’t this nervous when I

was taking the police exam.

“-Welcome.... Do you feel ill?”

“Yes, but I can’t go back, so don’t worry about it.”

Tim, I’ll torture you when you get back from the vacation. Jude mumbled and walked staring at the ground hesitant in front of the plane door for the last time. He tilted his head like –can I really do this?- and he started to move again when a person’s glared at him. He sighed with full of self-pitying. He wasn’t happy to see an alley with blue seats in the both sides.

G1, G2, G3..... G14, G16, G18.....
G19.

It was a seat with a window. If a kid whined about opening the window to see outside, I’ll show him the police badge. The plane hasn’t even started moving, but it felt like the ground was shaking already. Jude sat on the seat and covered the window first.

A watch that he loosely wore on his wrist made the sound that was strangely ringing in his ears. He closed his eyes and crossed his arms. He leaned his head on the chair and felt someone sitting next to him. Hearing a quiet sound, fortunately it doesn’t seem to be a kid. Yes, I thought it was a good thing.

Until I heard a quiet voice.

“Are you sleeping?”

My neck turned, it probably made a wind sound.

“.....Ah.”

“Long time no see.”

This annoying calm smile, and the quiet voice ringing in my ears. Jude vacantly stared at the face that was making Jude's mind go blank at the same time. He messed up his hair and turned away. A mumble like a moaning came out.

".....I should've gotten a doctor's note. I got so sensitive that I'm starting to see hallucination....."

"What do you mean hallucination? I'm disappointed."

"Then do you want me to take this as a reality? No way, this is neurosis, neurosis."

"Why, I can't ride an airplane?"

When there was a voice mixed with a little of laugh, Jude opened his eyes and spoke bluntly like a person speaking about common senses having gone missing.

"Then do you think it makes sense? Get off, so I can cuff you."

A young man who covered his bluish grey eyes with blue contact lens smiled innocently and politely.

"-Do you think I'll get off?"

"Do you think you can stay after alerting to a security guard?"

"Will the security guard believe you?"

"I can show him my badge. Now, now, get off fast."

"Do you even have your badge?"

"Of course....." Jude put his hand in his pocket and soon frowned. In the pocket

where it's full of house key and receipts, there was no familiar shape. Alvin giggled quietly.

".....When did you take it?"

"Right after I came. I'll give it back later."

"You think I can't arrest you without the badge? Don't you know your face is everywhere?"

"That's why I wore color contact lens and glasses and dyed my hair a little. People shiver at the story of a killer, but they don't always think that kind of a person would roam among them. You know that. Most of the people don't think a person around them will attack except for a lunatic. That's why Mrs. Rice took me in."

".....Ah, is that so."

"And if you call the security now, I can make him think you are more dangerous than me. Do you want to test it? It's a small trick, but it's pretty useful. How do you think I brought only one guard out when I escaped?"

The voice was very quiet. Jude looked at Alvin like he bit into something he shouldn't have. He soon turned away making a small sound. All the cells inside his body got filled with annoyance. He frowned unknowingly.

"Do you feel sick?"

".....Don't care about it."

In that moment, there was an announcement that the plane would be leaving soon. An insincere voice wishing for a fun flight, a horrible news that it would leave soon, an uncomfortable instruction saying he must fasten the seatbelt. He reluctantly held the belt, but for some reason, his hands were trembling like a

drug addict. Clang, clang, the belt kept on missing the spot. He got annoyed fast and desperately wished for a smoke.

Tsk, he clicked his tongue, but suddenly there was a pale and thin hand that held the belt instead of Jude. Click, Jude unconsciously shrugged at the belt easily going in. He sighed at the hand that tapped the belt once.

“Detective.....”

“What.”

“Are you aerophobic?”

“Will you believe me if I say no?”

They said it's not the worst if you can say it's the worst, but in this situation this is the worst for Jude. He was 'on the plane', and 'that bastard' is next to him, and that bastard found out about 'the truth.'

Drrrrr, a heavy airplane started to move to fly, and Jude inhaled his breath and tightly held the armrest.

“.....Will they let me get off if I ask them..... This was a bad idea..... maybe if I beg them please let me out..... No, first to chief.....”

He murmured like he was having a light seizure. On top of the hand that was grabbing the armrest tightly that white bones were showing, there was another hand that lightly held it. Jude chuckled.

“.....I feel more nervous.”

“It's okay.”

“It's not.....!”

Guuuuuu! When he felt the airplane speeding up for take off, Jude ended up grabbing the thin hand that was on top of his hand. He yelled “Damn it!” endlessly. The detective with dark blonde hair deeply regretted his action. You might not see it since it’s been several years, but I can see it more clearly! Jude grinded his teeth like he was going to break them, and when the plane started to lift, he closed his eyes.

When he grabbed the thin and stern line of the hand like he was going to break it with his left hand, the other hand approached him and tapped his shoulder.

“It’s okay.”

“.....It’s.....not.....”

“It’s okay. We are not going to fall.”

“.....I feel sick.....”

“We have a bag, here. But first breathe. It’s okay.”

He wanted to throw up at the feeling of someone stroking his back, then it might get worse. Jude calmed down his stomach and breathed slowly. The breath that was short got a little bit more comfortable when the airplane stopped elevating the altitude and started to fly stably. He leaned his stiff body on the seat and exhaled deeply and heard Alvin slightly laughing voice.

“Detective, my hand hurts.”

He then realized the hand that he was grabbing tightly and let it go like throwing it away, and he saw a flight attendant looking at him with a strange face and looked away. He mumbled, “I think she misunderstood us,” and Alvin laughed.

“I didn’t know that Detective had this kind of a side.”

“I didn’t know until I rode an airplane either.”

“Ah, the window!”

Jude confessed with a pale voice then a kid suddenly burst in next to Jude. It was a boy sitting next to Alvin about eleven years old. The boy suddenly put up the window curtain that Jude had put down and made Jude panic. He turned his head away hearing a cracking sound from his neck, and there was Alvin’s gentle like voice.

“He put that down because he was tired and tried to go to sleep. Can you close it back? That’s a good boy.”

“Ehh-that’s not fair!”

Alvin smiled at the childish voice. Jude looked at that smile with a little indifferent face and insincerely tapped the boy’s back.

“Okay, go back, go back. Where is your mother?”

He tried to make the boy go back to his seat, but there was a voice that was starting to get husky from the back seat.

“Hey, El! I’m telling on you if you are misbehaving.”

A brown short haired young older boy popped out. He seemed like he exercises because he was pretty big and had muscles, but his face was still young. Is he the older brother of this boy? The boy went back to his seat with a disappointed face. The older boy politely apologized.

“I’m sorry. My younger brother is still too young.”

“No, it’s okay..... I’ll go to the restroom.”

Jude answered a little bit pale and stood up touching his head that was still dizzy. He ignored the kids' sound- "So, El, let's play. Do you want to play circus?" "Ye-s! I want to, I want to!" Jude came out to the alley, and Alvin lightly grabbed his arm as if asking if he was okay, but he insincerely shook it off and went to the restroom. He tried his best not to see the view –a dark night sky with flying clouds underneath.- outside through the opened the widows.

Yay I love Alvin! I would love if a hot guy holds my hand....
and what's going to happen here? huehuehue

[Continue to Part 15](#)

Part. 15



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep
Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

A flight attendant approached Jude, seeing his pale face and asked, “Are you okay?” and after he answered, “Do I look okay? That’s a relief,” he finally arrived at the restroom and went in. The unique smell of an airplane’s restroom irritated his stomach. He wanted to throw up, but it didn’t come out of his throat. Jude just turned on the water in the sink and washed his face. He sighed deeply and shook his head. It felt like all of his organs were struggling to come out of his body.

(Rattle!) The plane probably met a damn turbulence that shook the whole plane once. Jude sat on the floor, covered his head and curled up. His body was trembling without control.

How long has it been that I was this scared?

Why am I here?

Let me off! I think I'm gonna be suffocated to death!

Why am I this scared of the plane?

Help me, Superman. If not, even Power Puff Girl.

I'm fine on a tall building.

Did something happen when I was little?

How should I know? I don't even have a memory.

The restroom in this plane is too small.

Shit, I can't put strength in my legs.

".....Damn it....."

So many thoughts passed by. Bang bang bang, I bit my lips to calm my dancing heart, but there was a soft echoing of the door that I was leaning on.

"There's a person in here."

I answered, my voice cracked a little bit, and of course there was a low voice coming in through the gap of the door.

"It's me, open the door."

"Is it an emergency? Go somewhere else."

"I came because I was worried, open the door. It shook a moment ago, are you okay?"

Suddenly I got so annoyed. I never screamed or was fretful after the childhood that I barely remembered. I couldn't hold myself, but a gruff voice came out that I couldn't hold.

"Shut up! You are worried? Do you think I don't know you? Are you having fun in this situation right now? I'm not having fun at all, just shut your mouth and go sit down, I don't need you!"

There was no answer. Jude was very unusually unstable. Alvin's voice mixed his feeling of fear and anger. It was like a water balloon that was about to be popped with a needle. He did think –I might really get killed by that guy right after I get off from the plane-but he couldn't think any deeper.

I grinded my teeth, so I can put myself together and barely was able to sit on the toilet, but he probably did something because the restroom door was making a rattling sound. I stared at the door knob suspiciously and with a weak sound, the door sign changed to 'vacant.' I blankly stared at that, and the door opened and he came in with a neat shirt.

".....Hey, we are seriously gonna get misunderstood by the flight attendants."

"You asked if I'm having fun, right?"

There was no smile on his face at all. Jude stared at him strangely, and Alvin stood in front of Jude in the small restroom.

"Yes, I am having fun. It's my first time seeing detective losing your composure. And first time seeing you getting seriously mad."

".....Do you like me getting mad? Pervert, you were a masochist?"

"How many times was it that you got mad like that?"

"Do you count how many times you got mad?"

"Don't throw a question at my question. You can just tell me anything on top of your head."

"Ah, yes. Four hundred sixty-one times. Okay?"

With his laugh like 'there's no helping it,' Alvin lightly put his hand on Jude's

shoulder. When he was about to shake off his hand, the airplane shook again, and Jude held his scream and tightly grabbed on to the hand that he was about to shake off. Ba-thump, ba-thump, ba-thump, his heart that barely was able to calm down, pounded like a small drum. He bit his lips to calm down from his shock, a cool hand lightly touched his head. A soft shirt touched a stiff cheek with nervousness.

“Why did you end up so afraid like this? The plane.”

“.....I, don’t know.....”

“Do you have some kind of a bad memory?”

“I told you I don’t know.”

When he was stung with his sharp tone, Alvin’s low voice echoed above his head.

“Detective, do you not have a memory of you when you were a child?”

“Why do you ask?”

“When someone ask do you have a memory, people usually answer by saying I do, or I don’t, and if they answer ‘I don’t know,’ doesn’t that mean they might have it but don’t remember it?”

“I’m saying I don’t know because I don’t know. Do you think all the phobias have a great reason for it? I said I don’t know because I don’t remember any particular incident.”

“That must be tough.”

“Don’t say it like you understand. You don’t care whether other people are in pain or not. Don’t say like you mean it when you don’t care. I don’t have time to play along with you.”

With his annoyed voice, Alvin giggled quietly and touched Jude's hair. He touched it as if he was touching a marble statue in a museum.

"It was a promise, but I think it's a good thing that I rode this plane. I heard so many truthful words from you. But don't misunderstand, I do care when you are in pain."

"Why-"

"Don't ask why. Even I don't know everything. I am just a little different person. At the end one can't really get far from one's kind. The reason why you are strangely in my head..... What should I say. Perhaps I'm lonely when I'm alone?"

".....Are you also an aerophobic? You are saying something crazy suddenly."

"Oh my, you were like this in the beginning too, but you are really cold sometimes, detective. Isn't it obvious people get lonely when they are alone? People unconsciously try to draw a nest that they can go back to, that's what people normally do. And rarely at the same time-that nest is the biggest stimulus for me. Because it is very unusual. Something that I can't ever feel, something that I can't feel even in a happy family. Should I say it's a sense of belonging, or consentience? It's you, detective, that has all those things. You can say that you are the best stimulus and the best resting place for me."

"Are you planning to say the reason is because I'm similar to you?"

"Who knows. I probably won't get interested if you are exactly the same as me. You are similar but have some different parts. You have a side where you are way more drier than other people, but you are trying to cover it with rich soil. Way stronger than other people.... but it won't be perfect. Detective, doesn't your partner gets surprised sometimes? Like you have a strong stomach, how can you withstand that."

“It’s Tim who has a weak stomach not me that has a strong stomach. How can I compare to my innocent Tim oppa with a mature member of the society.”

Alvin chuckled deeply, saying “Oh? You got comfortable. Will you be honest once more if you meet the turbulence again?” Suddenly somebody tapped on the door with a fast tempo. A dry voice hit his ears.

“Sir, can you come out? Sir?”

It was flight attendant’s insincere voice. Jude put himself together and stood up and opened the door, and she scanned Alvin and Jude with a strange look.

“You can’t act like this in the plane, sir. Do this kind of thing after you get off from the.....”

“No, it’s not like that. Um, wait. How should I say it, I’m really weak on the plane. So.....”

“I followed him because I was worried. He went inside the restroom with a paled face. There was a turbulence too. I’m sorry if you misunderstood. We’ll go back to our seats.”

I get it why there wasn’t any reliable support until now. Oh my gosh, with this face and voice, tone and smile, nobody will think he is a serial killer and press 911. They probably think they might get sued for defamation. I clicked my tongue inside of me, and the flight attendant blankly stared at him for a second and quickly moved her eyes to another place.

“Ah, then, um, there are other passengers, so please be careful. And if there’s anything uncomfortable please let us know right away.”

“We will. Thank you for caring about us.”

“Kyaaaaaaaaaak-!”

Right after when Alvin smiled and answered, on the other side of the restroom, one stewardess fell and screamed. The scream was like a nail piercing through the brain, so all the attention got focused to there. The stewardess who was on the floor didn't even have time to organize her clothes. She was shivering and pointed somewhere with her finger. She covered her mouth to stop herself from throwing up and through her hand a moaning sound came out. She pointed something scary in the restroom with her eyes about to pop out. Jude moved first among the people who are froze and went to the restroom.

In the restroom, there was a bag not too big. The thing that's sticking out from the bag was an cold arm and oddly twisted legs, and a neck that was slashed roughly with a dull knife. If they shove in a broken marionette in a bag, will it look like this? Right after Jude checked the face of the dead person, he turned his head and looked back. It was the kid who whined to open the window.

No way.

The eyes of the serial killer was smiling mysteriously.

Who...who....who killed that little boy!!!

[Continue to Part 16](#)

Part. 16



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly God Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

“Give me back my police badge.”

“What are you gonna do?”

“I don’t feel like joking around, give it.”

He put his hand out as if his annoyance had reached the top of the mountain, and the young man with the gentle face smiled. He moved his hand, that was on the armrest, in a circle, and a dark covered police badge appeared. Alvin handed the badge with a clean movement and smiled again looking at Jude with a stunned face.

“You told me to give it to you, why do you look so surprised?”

“I didn’t think you would give it to me that easily.”

“You know it’s not me.”

You lardy-dardy bastard. Tsk, Jude clicked his tongue once and turned his head. He did turn around to see Alvin when he first saw the corpse of the child, but he

already knew that the chance was very low. This young man sitting next to Jude, does not kill a person that vaguely. If he needed it, he would probably have killed him in one strike, or if he did it for his entertainment, he would probably slowly put his effort and experimenting spirit into it and killed the life. The twisted joints and sliced throat was definitely horrible, but it was in an awkward position that does not belong to any of the two sides.

Decisively the child's corpse had useless and unnecessary emotions that was attached to it. That was not just 'a corpse,' that was 'a murdered' corpse. But there is no way to figure out if the reason was hate, regret, or panic.

"Who, who are you?"

The stewardess who was trembling nearby the scene weakly, asked Jude who came to the scene. He showed the police badge that he just got back and said apathetically.

"I'm a New York police. I'll investigate."

"Ah, you, you are a police? P, please take a look....."

"Kyaaaaaaaak! ElIII! Oh, my god! El!"

When the stewardess stepped back deeply exhaling like a diver who just came out from the deep sea, there was a piercing scream in the airplane. All the attention got focused to one place.

A woman with red hair looked inside the restroom and collapsed on the spot. And the person who supported her was the dead boy's older brother who Jude saw a moment ago. A brown short hair young man's lips were trembling from the scene in front of him. He bit lips his pale lips, like he's barely holding in his scream, and supported his mother that sat down on the seat.

The talk will be better after those people calm down and come back to their

senses a little bit. He lightly decided and lightly nodded his head and went inside the restroom. He smelled the smell of red blood.

“.....Let’s finish this fast, kid. I’m not in a good condition right now. My mentality is not stable enough to drag this case long.”

Jude mumbled not letting people outside hear anything and looked around the dead body. The deep cut through the neck was over flooded with dried blood stains. Looking at how the cut side was not that clean. Did he use some dull knife like a letter opener? No, looking at the small mark of an ink on the neck, it might be a metal pen. Jude was looking carefully at the cut part and tilted his head. What is this sense of incompatibility? What is the strange part of a corpse that died from sliced throat?

The smell wasn’t that stronger than he expected. If he died like Mrs. Zejens, throat sliced, the blood would probably over flood the restroom floor, and on top of that the airplane supposed to be filled with that disgusting odor. But the blood mark only wetted the cover of the bag, and when he looked inside the bag, he did not see any intense bloodshed. To simplify, the blood was too little.

“.....Then what, how did he die.....”

Since there is no necropsy, I should do it by myself. Jude complained quietly and carefully took out the small body from the bag.

Literally, it was like a broken doll. The body was pale because it lost all the blood, a white light hit the body. There were some traces of bruises and necrosis from the broken places due to twisting of the joint. But it didn’t look like fatal damages. But he could faint from pain. Jude who slightly touched the skin that was like a dead fish’s stomach, looked carefully at the area around the sliced neck and solar plexus. There was a bruise that looked black, it was even worse than the bruises from twisted limbs.

Jude suddenly raised his head and looked at the child’s mouth. There were

bruises around the mouth too. And just by looking at those cuts, did he get beaten up or pressed down? His lips were all cut and purple colored.

“.....The cause of death is.....”

Rattle! While he was putting his thought together, he leaned his head on the wall of the restroom, the small place shook, and he lightly bumped his head. In an instant, Jude who sat on the floor and tried to catch his breath fiercely at his situation right now ‘I’m so annoyed that I rode an airplane, but of all occasion why did this kind of incident happen? A murder in an airplane, does it happen often?’ He tried to calm down his goose bump on his back.

The smell of blood that he usually didn’t care about, suddenly disgustingly irritated his stomach. ‘I don’t remember ever throwing up in the scene.’ It felt like a rude stick was swinging his brain.

Jude barely opened the door of the restroom and came out. He staggeringly walked to his seat and sat down. He felt little overwhelming at the sound of the woman crying in front of his seat and people staring at him, but catching his breath was the most important thing. While he was exhaling ‘Hoo-hahh-’ like a pregnant woman, he heard a soft voice from his side.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes.”

“Lie.”

“Don’t ask if you know, it’s annoying.”

Somehow Alvin was able to hear the voice that was covered by the woman’s crying, and he quietly laughed. Jude deeply sighed once and stood up and approached the woman, and sat down next to her. The woman who was crying, breathed out and stared at Jude blankly with her unfocused eyes.

My skill of dealing with the bereaved is not sensitive. Jude desperately felt the need of his partner next to him and uncomfortably scratched the back of his head.

“Uh-First, I’m a New York police. Are you the mother of the dead child?”

“.....Yes, yes..... I, I’m Rosaline Travis.....”

“Yes, Mrs. Travis. Did you come with your family for this trip?”

“I, I lost my husband one year ago..... I was on my way to relative’s house with my children..... I only have Roy and El.... Oh my god, how can this..... God.....! How can this happen, this horrible thing.....!”

“Ah-Um- Ma’am, calm down first.....”

“Does it make sense to calm down right now?”

There was a gruff and mad voice. Brown haired Roy was glancing at Jude holding his tears.

“He’s only 11 years old, who would do this kind of a thing? Who!”

Roy’s face got red and he stood up from his seat and screamed as if he’s going to grab Jude’s collar. Looking at his robust body, is he playing football in his school? Jude turned his head and sighed perplexedly and guessed that showed something negatively. Roy breathed heavily and bit his teeth.

“To you, it’s just a kid that died, right? To you, this is just one of the many cases that you dealt with, right! You are annoyed? Are you annoyed? How can you sigh?”

“Roy, stop.....”

“Aren’t you mad, Mom? El..... El is dead.....!”

“Stop!”

A hysterical voice rang in the air. Jude frowned at the lady’s real anger instantly appearing on her face. Roy who glared at Jude’s green eyes as if he was going to pierce it, chewed his lips a few times and sat down again. Jude rubbed his chin for a second and turned to the woman who had a dark ghastly face.

“By any chance, did you notice anything suspicious? Like seeing some stranger that kept looking at this way or a person who holds a grudge against took this flight....”

The red hair woman closed her eyes and shook her head.

“No, there was no such a person. If there was, I would be the first person to notice. I’m pretty sensitive at people staring at my kids. Why, why did that nice kid.....”

The woman bit her lips, and Jude glanced at it once and crossed his arms. He shortly expressed his condolences and stood up and went back to his original seat.

Something is not quite right.

The blond haired detective tilted his head with his bored face and touched his hair with annoyance. He knew he didn’t have an ‘intuition’ as a cop that much, but he smelled something unusual about the talk he just had with the bereaved.

Unusual?

Why?

The tears and scream, it was similar as usual?

What was the first word to hear from the bereaved when I first meet them?

Normally bereaved, especially mothers, what was the first word that Tim said to calm them down?

-Calm down first.

That's what I said.

-We are still on the investigation. For detail, we need to look more.....

I didn't say this. What do the mothers usually scream before this?

"It's not that fun. It looks like it's a little complicated though."

Right after a low voice rang next to him, Jude stopped his thought for a moment and looked at Alvin. Alvin had no expressions as if he was watching a really boring movie with his hands held to each other.

"What is this, you're saying you know everything?"

"There's always a understanding of a person's emotion after the murder, that's inevitable. I'm probably sure Detective, you got some sense, too."

".....Is it that, that simple?"

"I think so. The reason is pretty simple, I guess. It might have been an accident."

"You think shoving the body in a bag look like an accident?"

"Ahaha, I don't mean innocent way of accident, it's more like an accident of a mind. It's not that great. It wasn't even that meticulous. You felt that something was weird a moment ago, right?"

“.....I forgot because you talked to me.”

“The smell of murder doesn’t go away that easily, Detective. Either disconnect by talk or disconnect by body, everyone had a faint smell. There was that kind of smell since a while ago, and I was curious, but it turns out it wasn’t even a big deal. If you think a little bit in the front and end, it’s too obvious.”

“It is a big deal.”

“Do you want me to tell you? I don’t really have an interest in ‘solving’ the case.”

“No thanks. Am I some kind of *Clarice Starling? Asking you about the case. Just stay quiet, so I can think.”

Jude ignored the bright laughter and started to think again.

The first thing the victim’s mother shouted at the police right away, that was.....

Who!

A flame splashed my head. The voices I heard dozens of times, but didn’t take that seriously, rang dizzily in my head.

Yes who killed the kid! Not.... not the mother..... Right?

*Clarice Starling - A FBI Academy student in The Silence of the Lambs and Hannibal

I didn't watch the movie or read the book... Who knows what The Silence of the Lambs and Hannibal is? I heard they are really scary...

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Part. 17



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep
Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

-Who did this kind of a thing! Who! What kind of bastard!

Yes, it's because I'm a detective. Because I'm a detective, the first thing I heard was that. When the detectives visit the bereaved, they show strong sadness and anger. Usually to the police, especially right after the incident, they might not show anger, but normally they question about the murderer. But this time there was no such a thing like that.

It was only about being sad that the child died. There was no strong questioning or pressuring Jude to solve the case fast. If anything, Roy was the one who got mad. That looks normal right now. It's the mother's side that's weird that she got seriously mad at him.

Especially that expression, that expression with full of worry did not let go of him until the end. That wasn't only full of sense of loss. Like seeing a ghost suddenly appear under the comfortable blanket at night, her face was pale with fear.

There is something that cannot be seen. And Jude who was thinking what will be the way to find out about that something, he lightly stood up from the seat and went to Roy and the lady who was still crying. Jude debated which one to interrogate first and approached to the lady.

“Ma’am, can we talk?”

“.....Ah..... Is it a talk that we can’t have it here?”

“It can be little sensitive.”

“Ah, okay. Then where.....”

He turned to a stewardess, and she quickly told him they have an empty first class seat. They followed her guide and went into the side room –he didn’t forget to get amazed at the fancy inner room-He told the stewardess to go and do her work and sat down.

“What, talk.....”

“I’ll say it straight forward. Tell me your state.”

“Pardon? What state.....”

“Simply. Like your financial status, problem with your family. It’s just a procedure so don’t get nervous.”

“Um.....”

Looking like she’s hesitating, the lady put both of her hands on her knees. Her lips that she was kept getting bit, was pale and trembling. Her detailed manicured nails were also trembling.

“It’s embarrassing but..... After my husband passed away, we are having some financial issue. I can barely afford kids’ education with my salary..... The reason why we’re going to our relative’s house is because, I sold the house that we were living in. Until I find a cheaper house, we are staying there.... I didn’t have money for food also.”

“I see. Your husband.....”

“He died a year ago because of an accident. It was a car accident. Kids cried so much.”

“Ahh, then is El and Roy all from your deceased husband and you?”

“.....That.....”

He asked the question like passing by, but she couldn’t answer right away. She looked down and blinked her eyes several times. Her long eyelashes flinched, like she was wary of something.

“Why.....are you asking that?”

“No, I just thought that they didn’t look alike.”

“.....Roy.....is my first child. I got married when I was immature and had him. I was really careless.... I got a divorce with my ex-husband and got remarried. My husband was already married once too, so he had El. But he died a year ago and..... I don’t know what to do for the future.”

“Is that so? Then, did Roy and El have a good relationship? If they are step brothers, it probably was hard for them to get close.”

For another indifferent question, the lady’s eyes looked up. Her amber color eyes were shaking dangerously.

“Perhaps..... Are you suspecting Roy? That kid, did something to El?”

“I didn’t say it like that.”

“No way. Hah, it really doesn’t make sense..... That child, that child is a really nice kid.....”

“You’re not getting mad?”

The lady simper a few times like she’s dumbfounded. But Jude’s quiet stare did not leave her, and soon the laugh on her face disappeared. Her trembling chin flinched as if she were going to cry out.

“No, way....”

“Actually if you think about it little bit, it’s easy to figure out since it’s this situation. Even though it’s a plane that doesn’t have many passengers, it’s not easy to rule out a kid without anybody knowing. The one who can kill a child without any sound is either a very close person or family. I have to ask Roy first to know, but he could’ve asked him to go inside a bag and suffocate him to death. I’m gonna call Roy later, so I should ask him.”

“What, are you talking.....”

“Huh? You can’t sense it? There was probably a sign. El’s joints were all dislocated, it’s not possible with your strength unless it’s a very healthy sports man.”

“De-detective.....”

“Even with the throat cutting, to rip it that much, unless with a sharp thing, you can’t do it with normal strength. There’s one person that comes to mind. Will it be more accurate if we can measure the size of the bruise on El’s solar plexus and Roy’s foot?”

“Detective.... What are you saying.....”

The lady’s breath was getting faster and heavier. Should I have brought a heart medicine? Jude worried a little, but asked apathetically.

“I thought it was weird when you didn’t ask who the murderer was. It was your mistake. The first thing a bereaved ask detectives is that. You should refer that next time..... Ahh, there can’t be a next time.”

“I.....I.....”

“Did you incite it? To Roy? Why, did you have some kind of an insurance?”

“No way, that I killed El!”

A sharp voice rang in the room. The lady stood up with her face all red and breathed heavily and glared at Jude. But soon she became despondent. Tears started to fall on the floor. In front of Jude who was looking at her indifferently, she kneeled down. In a cry like an animal, broken words were mixed in.

“I.....didn’t know..... That much..... Kill..... didn’t..... Roy did that much.....!”

“So it was Roy, why happened?”

“I just..... needed some money..... I was just..... really tired..... That’s why just..... just a small injury..... A small.....very small.....!”

“Is it an insurance?”

“I’m sorry.....! I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, honey.....! I, I was just, planning to make a small..... a small injury like an accident.....! But Roy..... Roy..... Didn’t expect.....! No way..... Someone tell me it’s just a dream..... God.....!”
I get why Alvin said it’s simple and not fun. Money and simple structure of a

hatred of the step-brother. Those two got tangled and created a strange incident. It wasn't enough to fill Alvin's interest, or it can be a banal incident for him.

Now I should call Roy –When Jude stood up, the room door opened. And a brown hair young man appeared. He scanned his mother crying on the floor once and went to Jude with strangely calm face. The voice that was screaming towards Jude a while ago was now low. Jude was little tensed at his change and stood up properly.

“I guess you heard.”

“.....Mm. First, I want you to turn around with your hands behind.”

“.....You know, I really didn't plan to do it. Just like what she asked, I was trying to slightly push him and hit his head on the restroom wall. I was trying to do it right but..... When El went inside the bag as usual, I felt like something exploded.”

“Okay, tell that to the counselor later. First put your hands back and turn around.”

“I hated him..... I just hated him. I'm the son of my mom..... But, why did my mom have to take care of him after that ajussi died..... My mom, she was already having a hard time because of the money, why did he have to stick to us like a parasite.....”

“Sorry, I'm not curious at all. So put your hands back.....!”

Rattle! He didn't even have time to scream –Why doesn't this shaking change even in the first class room!- Jude collapsed on the floor right after the plane tilted a little bit. No, even before he collapsed on the floor, a strong hand grabbed his arm and twisted back. He moaned and bit his teeth –the vibration of the plane and the pain of the arm paralyzed his senses-a cold sharp needle-like

tip touched his neck.

He looked down unconsciously and a shining metal pen tip was directly at the carotid. A trembling woman's voice rang.

"Ro-Roy.....? Roy, what are you doing....."

"If the Detective take me away, you are not fine either. You were trying to hurt El because of the insurance money, so you'll be sentenced. Right, Detective?"

".....Pro...bably...."

"If I kill the Detective right now and say I did everything, I'm fine with that. If there's a person who knows how to disappear, I'm good. I did it because of my mom, so my mom doesn't have to get punished. So..... I'm sorry, Detective."

Because of the strength from exercising, Roy's hand that was holding his two hands didn't move an inch. The lady held her scream, and when the blood stained pen shined, the door opened and almost at the same time there was a scream.

Puk! When the power that was pressing him down disappeared, Jude turned back right away. He looked like he got hit behind his head, Roy collapsed with his eyes out of focus. As soon as his knees touched the floor, he saw the face that was hidden behind him.

It was a face slightly smiling.

"I don't have interest in stopping in this kind of situation, but it troubles me if you act this recklessly."

"Uh..... You....."

"Kyaaaak! Roy! Royyyyy!"

The lady that was on the floor, hastily stood up and ran to her son. Alvin quietly said to the lady who ran to Roy on the floor.

“I just hit him. I didn’t kill him so relax.”

“What is this.....! Roy, Roy, Roy.....! Why, why did you.....! Why did you.....Why El, why.....! What do you mean because me, because of me.....!”

“Uh? I guess the story was like that. It’s little different than I thought. No, it might be same.”

“.....What do you mean?”

Smile, Alvin smiled to Jude like a person who barely found something fun in a boring movie. Alvin turned to teary eyes, looking at him with a questioning face and composedly said.

“-Really, you didn’t know thing would turn out like this?”

“.....uh..... Wha....t?”

“If you wanted to make him get hurt a little, you didn’t have to ask your son. There was no reason that you obstinately did it? You really didn’t know this young man’s darkness in him?”

“What, are, you, saying.....”

“So, Ma’am-“

Alvin smiled deeper and continued calmly.

“You really didn’t expect El to die?”

“What..... You.....”

“Maybe you knew everything deep inside of you? You. You didn’t really like El, you only loved Roy, El was a burden for you to let your son have a better life.”

“No, no, wa.....”

“I’m disappointed. I thought you knew it and did this. Well, that’s fine.”

Just like that he really lost his interest, Alvin erased his smile and turned away. He went to Jude who was just handcuffing Roy and lightly put his hand on his shoulder.

“Did you get hurt?”

“.....Ahh. Rather than that, how did you find out and come?”

“Since when the kid named Roy stood up suddenly. His face looked serious. I came here because there was an announcement that there will be another turbulence. I was also curious about the ending.”

“Is that so. I won’t-“

“Thank me? I understand.”

Alvin smiled really brightly. Tsk, Jude clicked his tongue like he doesn’t like it and made Roy who was still unconscious stand up. While he was using all his strength to withstand the healthy body weight, he turned to the lady’s side.

She looked like her soul went out. She was sitting down like an empty shell and kept repeating “I.....I.....” like a broken wind-up puppet. She probably can’t smile innocently from now on. Because of the feeling that he got, he felt little uncomfortable. On top of her crying and screaming, a stewardess’s voice from the speaker covered it.

-This plane is arriving at Miami soon. All the passengers must remain seated and fasten your seatbelts.

So that's how it was.....

Today was little late!

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Part. 18



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep
Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

Alvin disappeared with a light and ominous “See you soon.” goodbye. He disappeared in the crowds, waving his hand. Jude sighed quietly and transferred Roy to the police. The case in Miami got closed even before they worked together, and Roy was waiting for his trial in prison.

About Mrs. Travis, Jude just heard the news later that she’s in a mental hospital. Roy who is in jail still insisted that he was the only person involved, and the guards stopped him from committing suicide several times.

“-Tim! You bastard, I won’t forgive you! Did you like how you went on a vacation by yourself? Did you?”

While on the car going back to New York –Chief threatened Jude through the phone that he’ll put him on night shifts for a month, but Jude was stubborn. Jude screamed reproachfully through the phone.

[Ju-Jude! Sorry, sorry. I heard, I heard you rode an airplane that you hate the most and there was a case? Did it end well?]

“Yes, it ended well. Cooperative investigate was okay, and the case in the airplane ended okay. Just come back fast, Tim oppa. It’s too hard by myself.”

[Ahahaha, okay. I’ll be back soon, work hard. Really, there wasn’t anything else that happened, right?]

Other thing. Jude swallowed his word for a second. A young man with light gray-blue eyes. Jude thought of him, who completely hides of himself with a pair of thick framed glasses and a gift of gab, and chuckled and shook his head.

“Yeah. It was just a normal case.”

[Okay, that’s good to hear. Then, see you later.]

“Yeah.”

Jude closed the flip and looked outside the widow with sleepy eyes.

-Did you really not know?

-I.....I.....

-See you again, Detective.

Just like a palette with paint all over the place, the words were gushing in his head. He shook his head, trying to shake those thoughts away and ended up sleeping on the chair, leaning his head on the chair.

-Because he dreamed of the plane crashing, he ended up waking up in panic 10 minutes later.

An incident that even made people, who don't even flinch their eyebrows anymore, gasp happened in the middle of July.

It was a messy murder in a pretty wealthy household. All the relatives who met in the house ended each other's lives. People who were in the house, An uncle couple (father's elder brother), an uncle couple (father's younger brother), and amongst their children, each with two kids, only three people survived at the end.

A young girl who doesn't know anything, a girl who just went to high school, and another one is the aunt (younger brother's wife). The young girl went to an orphanage, the teenage girl and the aunt were hospitalized in a mental hospital.

What surprised the police were two reasons. The murder happened in a fancy mansion, it occurred in one week, one by one and until a girl trembling ran out to the street and screamed, no one knew about the tragedy that happened during that not-too-short time period. Nobody was suspicious about why no one came in and also nobody in the mansion notified that. Like dying with a puss, it looked like it rotted like that.

Mystery in Maples family, this incident was a big issue in the media for a while. And of course, the truth was still unknown. Because there were no one that was normal left, there weren't any people to ask what happened, and they didn't know in what order and who that was murdered first. There is no motive. The inheritance of the father who died recently, had already been divided. The police didn't even have ways to find out why those relatives met in one place.

“-Jude?”

“Uh, yeah.”

It was hot today, especially in the station today, and the A.C died. Sucks. He answered in a little weird voice, but Jude didn't move his eyes from the newspaper. It wasn't big as when it first came out, but the story about the Maples family was still on the newspapers. Tim followed where Jude was looking at in confusion one moment, then opened his eyes wide, and looked unusually at his partner.

“What's going on? Were you interested in that case? You didn't care about any other cases except for yours, what would suddenly cause you to become interested in this?”

“Well, I need something scary to cool down my back. This is perfect for that. Are you crazy? I get interested to solve the case that's not even mine? It's so hot that I don't even want to move.”

“Why? You might meet a ghost while investigating that house. Won't that be more cooling?”

“You should go, Mr. Maxwell. It's too annoying so no. I'm not even done with the case I'm.....”

“Detective Jude?”

At a dry voice, the two detectives giggling, looked up. Jude thought that they might get in trouble for neglecting their work, so he just looked up only raising

his green eyes to see the person approaching them. A cold looking man who looked in his 30s, looked down at Jude with an indifferent face. Jude looked for a word to say for a second and asked a little bit insincerely.

“Uh-Who are you?”

“I’m from the FBI. My name is Jeffry Dauman.”

“Ah, yes. What can I help you with?”

Jude’s tone dropped down. There is only one reason why FBI would approach Jude. Many months ago, since Alvin Johns has escaped from prison. He took a glimpse at Tim once, and the man who has a feel like an eagle looked down at Jude and said.

“Can we talk alone?”

“Yeah, yeah. Just finish it fast at least.”

Jude answered insincerely and stood up. He knew Tim was looking at him not too happy, but he wasn't at a place where he could complain. They went to a corner of the station, and Jeffry looked at Jude as if his blue eyes were going to poke him and opened his mouth. It was a strict tone.

“It’s not going to be long for us to go all the way to the interrogation room, so I’ll just ask simply.”

“Good for me, ask me simply.”

“After that, Alvin Johns hasn’t contacted you in any form?”

“He didn’t.”

At the quick reply that didn’t even have a hint hesitation, Jeffry’s eyes shined

coldly.

“Is it true?”

“Hey, I want him to get caught fast too. I don’t enjoy getting bullied by FBI and criminal psychologists. Do I look like a masochist? No, right? I would’ve given any evidence if I had any. So please stop.”

“Alvin Johns has been strangely interested in you ever since he got arrested. He sent you a letter once, so it’s hard to think that there hasn’t been any contact.”

“Even if he sends a letter, he knows that you guys are going to rip it apart to investigate, so there’s no way he would have sent again. Ahhh, if it’s only that, then never mind. I don’t plan to drag it too long for a topic that I don’t have anything else to talk about.”

“.....Fine. But if there’s a little bit of a chance that he’s going to contact you, please tell us.”

“Yeah, yeah. Of course.”

Jude nodded with a smile and went back to his desk with his unique swaggering walk. While Tim glimpsed at Jeffry once and walked to Jude, Jude’s phone on the desk vibrated. The number didn’t show, and Jude thought about it a little bit and sighed at Jeffry’s strange stare and opened the flip.

“Yes-hello.”

[Detective?]

Jude used about two seconds and tilted his head and answered with a composed voice.

“.....Ah, ah-ah, what’s wrong with this? This has a bad reception. Chee-, ah-ah,

hello? Hello?"

[Do you want to me send a big document envelope with my name written big?]

".....Ah, now I can hear it. Are you crazy? Why are you calling while I'm working?"

[Wondering if you have some time later.]

"No. I have to work, hang up."

[I'm not asking you to meet me. I'm too far away for that too. I just have something to tell you.]

"What are you saying, what kind of nonsense are you talking about calling in a while? I can't talk right now so hang up. I'm gonna get in trouble for slacking off."

[Ahaha, right. I'll call you later. There is an incident happened that I really want to tell you about.]

"You are a strange guy. Don't you have a friend? Why are you calling me to tell me that? Give me a break."

[It's something I want to talk to you. Then, I'll call you back.]

"You don't have to. I'm gonna hang..... Wha, what are you doing?"

Jude got surprised at a shadow covering him and looked up, and Jeffry with a serious face quietly looked down on Jude. Jeffry who was looking at dumbfounded green eyes like he's going to pierce it, asked.

"Who was that?"

“It’s my old friend. What’s wrong?”

“Can I have his number?”

“The number didn’t show up.”

“.....The number didn’t show up?”

“This guy, he’s getting chased by a loan shark, so it’s been a while ever since we lost contact. It seems like he’s still getting chased by them. He’s trying all his best to hide.”

“Can I have personal information about your friend?”

“Excuse me, that's enough!”

An angry voice burst out right next to him. The blue eyes that were only looking at Jude moved to a brown haired young detective. Tim’s face, that’s usually very gentle, is getting unusually seriously mad. Tim touched the desk with burning eyes.

“If you’re going to be like this, just bring a warrant! This is clearly invading someone else’s privacy. Who are you treating as a criminal? Jude is a detective that caught that guy. No matter how much you want to catch him, don’t you think you are digging in the wrong place?”

“I wasn’t planning to invade his.....”

“If this is not invading privacy, then what is it? Are you gonna check every single phone call he gets? He’s been dragged everywhere the past few months, do you still have something else to ask?”

“No, that.....”

“What are you planning to do, investigating his friend running away because of his debt? If you have strength to use it like that, it’ll be better to make the inspection stronger! Above all, there’s no way I wouldn’t know if Jude got contacted by him! If you are going to act like this from now on, it’ll be better for you to get a warrant from court first!”

Bang. The police station became quiet, and there was another sound of forceful hitting at the desk. Tim glared at a frozen Jeffry for a second and grabbed Jude’s arm and came out of the quiet station. Jude who got dragged in a moment of confusion blankly stared at his angry partner.

“.....Will it be okay?”

Too long! Didn't know where to stop..... Enjoy!

[Continue to Part 19](#)

Part. 19



Black Butterfly, Where does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep
Editor/Proofreader: Itane, Hwarang

“What’s there not to be okay, aren’t you even mad? They treat you like some kind of an accomplice. Does that make sense? It’s enough that they dragged you around for a few months without letting you even sleep well, what are they even doing.”

“I, still got a letter before.”

“.....That’s true, but it didn’t have any evidence. If the FBI found something in the first letter, that would’ve been different, but there wasn’t anything like that, and the investigator who took away the letter from you have gone missing. It’s not like you said let’s help him, but how can they treat you like some kind of criminal?”

Jude who calmly stared at Tim’s stern face, soon laughed. He lightly put his fist on his partner’s waist, and the blond detective jokingly said.

“How can I live without Tim Oppa. So for that should I buy beer today?”

“You are gonna buy? You didn’t even pay for your own food. I really want to get a drink from you, but I have plans with my parents. I have to go, can we push it two days later?”

“Eh, the expiration date is until tonight.”

“Never mind. Ah, my parents invited you to eat someday. They want to see their son’s partner. Come once, my Mother’s cooking is good.”

“Okay, if I have time. Say hello for.....”

“-Tim! Jude! What are you guys doing outside? Why are you guys are not working?!”

The weather wasn’t that great.

After he separated with Tim, he came back to his apartment, and Jude took off his jacket and threw it on the sofa. The wet smell of summer was stained in the house. Did I not ventilate enough? He was going to open the window but gave up after seeing the night sky. The dark sky was full of rain clouds that it didn’t even show the moon. The breeze carrying the smell of rain passed his nose.

The inside of his apartment was messy. He wasn’t the type who was organized and neat. So on the table it had empty beer cans piled up. At least dishes don’t pile up, since he doesn’t cook in his house. He quietly comforts himself and sat on the squeaky sofa. An old spring annoyingly screamed. A white light listlessly brightened up the house. It was the light that even made an alive person to look dead. The light was very weak, so Jude squinted his eyes a little bit and put today’s newspaper that he got from the station on the table in front of the sofa.

Should I turn on the TV, he thought about it little bit and turned his eyes back to the newspaper again.

-The mystery in Maples Family.

It was a third rated newspaper article. Terrible incidents happened in the Maples household, and the horrible scandals that had no proof filled the cover. The four-year-old kid who went to orphanage said, “Yes –besides my Mommy, Daddy, and older sister, besides Uncle’s family, there was one more.- It was an Oppa who smiled a lot, and he played with me.” With this article, a journalist wrote an article based on that saying there is a haunted ghost in the Maples’ house. That there was the haunted ghost that made people end up cursing each other. That made sense because in the site there was no other fingerprints besides the relatives’. Jude put his hand on the strangely gloomy picture of the family.

He tapped the article and moved his eyes around, and there was a phone ring. He flinched little bit at that rude sound. Jude took out the wireless phone and came back to the sofa. He threw the temptation of ignoring the call and pressed the call button, and there was a calm voice.

[-Detective?]

He expected it, but it wasn’t a reason to hold his sigh.

“I told you, you don’t have to. Well, since you called, finish it fast. What is it?”

[You will get interested too. Don’t be too cold.]

“What is it.”

[You know Maples Family, right?]

Jude’s finger that was half-heartedly going through the newspaper suddenly

stopped. The end of the finger was stopped at the picture of the young girl who went to the orphanage with a stable mind. While quietly staring at the picture of a sulking girl, a quiet laughing voice rang in his ear.

[You are curious, right? Or do you kind of get the picture?]

“.....Did you do this?”

[No way. I’m not interested in that kind of murder anymore.]

“I didn’t ask if you ‘directly’ killed them.”

[Ahh, I had so much fun in a while. Ahaha, I still laugh when I think about it.]

“You rascal, don’t change the subject. Well never mind, what happened?”

[The start was simple. Of course it was because of a boring inheritance.]

“I heard they were already finished with dividing the inheritance?”

[It wasn’t the money. There was a separate real deal gem that the old man bought with his mysterious hidden money while he was alive. Because of that, the whole family gathered in the house. Even those people, who didn’t see each other, as well, those eight families who weren’t even that close.]

“So, they killed each other like that because of the gem? During that one week? Something is lacking.”

[Ahaha, of course it didn’t end like that just because of the ownership. They were pretty upper class and had some names in the public. There was one trigger. The reason why that sprout of evilness in those people suddenly grew and bear fruit.]

Alvin, seemed like he was really entertained. Just like a child that reports what

happened in the school, his voice held a small excitement. Jude closed his eyes and waited for his answer.

Rattle, rattle. The wind sound shook the window. A storm in a summer night, will it rain soon? On top of the picture of a frowning girl, a pale light flickered once.

(Drop, drop) When the rain drops started to tap on the window, a voice full of laughter came in through the phone.

[It disappeared. The gem that everyone wanted, completely disappeared from its place.]

Long time no see! I'm back! I had a nice break haha. I was so busy whew.... Now that most of the things are settled I think I can continue the translation yay~
Thank you for patiently waiting~

Pray for Orlando... It should never happen again....

[Continue to Part 20](#)

Part. 20



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep
Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

The pale light blinked once more.
During the rainy night, the light is gone, the sound of wind howling outside the widow, and the serial killer’s happy story. If it was a program on the TV, I would watch it happily with a beer. Jude complained quietly, and he leaned on the sofa and stretched his legs. He could hear the raindrops hit his window.

“Why?”

[I think it’s better to say that later. It lessens the suspense.]

“Wow, you should become a movie director. So, how are you going to make the beginning, director?”

[What’s important in this part is, they weren’t that close to each other. Well, if you see the old man’s fortune, it’s not that surprising. While they didn’t see each other, they got awkward with each other little by little, and they were used to

complaining to one another already. But on the outside they weren't that bad. They just politely greeted each other. You know that kind of relationship, when you meet your relatives during the holidays, and just throw some good words to one another.]

"You are saying, they had something rotting inside of them?"

[Yes. There wasn't any particular situation, but I didn't know it will bring that kind of a fun event. It was above my expectation.]

"A fun event, you mean the murder?"

[It isn't that simple, Detective. It was very new seeing the different kinds of ill intentions meet each other and tangle like a complicated architecture. Was it because it wasn't one-to-one feeling? It was incomparable with the Mrs. Sarkozy's time. It had been a while since I felt that kind of joy.]

"So, what. What happened."

[When they found out, that 'that' disappeared. They panicked. The whole household turned upside down, literally. They were in panic so much that everyone turned red and purple and looked for water and heart medicine. But after a little time passed, those people came back with the similar facades as usual and all of them said, "Let's end this without telling people."]

"Why? It was a theft."

[That was the old man's most secretive property. It seemed like how he got it wasn't that clean. So they thought if they reported to the police, the gem might be taken away. They thought it was better for them to look for it secretly by themselves.]

"How would they know the thief? How were they gonna look for it secretly by themselves."

[You know, Detective. No one in the family thought the culprit was an outside person.]

A sound of a laugh came out like holding the laughter in at a funny comedy scene. Jude didn't care and raised one of his eyebrows.

"So, everyone thought the thief was among them?"

[Yes, just like that. No one suspected other than their siblings and relatives. Nobody carelessly said anything, but they had that intention. It was like trying to hide a body that was showered with perfume, which mean it was useless.]

".....How, can that be?"

[Uh? Don't tell me you still don't get it. Eight people gathered in a secluded house, and one target. Isn't it obvious? And there wasn't any strange movement at night. And importantly, only they knew about the gem. That means-they only had themselves to suspect. When one cogwheel started spin, the whole machine started to work.]

"So, what was the second cogwheel?"

Jude asked indifferently and took out a can of beer from the refrigerator. He felt around the fridge to find something to eat, like fruits, but soon he sighed and closed the door. How is it that there are only beer cans in the fridge? If he had a mother to visit his house, he would have to endure a storm of nag. When he opened the beer can and sat down, Alvin's voice came up again.

[Do you know who died first?]

"The oldest uncle, Roygan Maples. The cause was getting hit by a weapon, and the weapon was well... Was it something like frying pan in the kitchen? I think it was something like that. But it didn't have the fingerprints, so they aren't sure

who did it. And they don't even have a person to hear the story from."

[Everyone was not in the moment to feel sorry to each other. They all needed some money to keep their nests, and even their children needed the money. Except for the youngest child, they all knew they need many things for their future. Their hostility towards the other relatives' family showed from time to time. Two days passed in that uncomfortable atmosphere. The one who couldn't stand the atmosphere and raised his voice was the Uncle.]

"Aha. Who was the person?"

[It was towards the youngest uncle. The oldest uncle was not a straightforward person, so he quietly called the youngest uncle late at night to the kitchen and started to nitpick like how can you do this, you know my business is hard right now, I'm trying to send my kids to a famous private school, so you can't be like this, I'll give you as much as you need when I success later so understand me.]

"The youngest uncle, probably denied."

[Yes. He even got mad at his older brother. He questioned back if his wife or he did it, or if his first son did it. After that the conversation changed to attacking each other. It was a little unexpected that the brothers who looked so calm outside, had that much dissatisfaction and anger towards each other.]

Jude carefully licked the foam and tilted the can. The cool beer coldly went down his throat. He got happy that the hotness disappeared a little bit and paid attention to Alvin's quiet and clear voice.

[You are a failure, you (older uncle) were always like this, you didn't even give me a single dollar when I was in the hospital so how can I trust that word, all kinds of talk came out. All their disgraces from long time ago when they were little came up. But both of them denied stealing the gem, and that made them mad at each other the most. That attack was what end of the conversations, the youngest uncle swung his arm holding the heavy frying pan.]

“Ahh, is that so.”

[In the cartoons, there are scenes where they hit the bad guy's head with a frying pan a lot, you know, right? If you swing it right, you can easily kill a person. So the oldest uncle stopped breathing just like that, and the youngest uncle panicked. Fortunately it was late at night, so no one came out to see, and the youngest uncle cleaned his fingerprints and left his brother's dead body and went back to his room. He couldn't clean up that dead body without any sound. He needed a separate key for the basement, and it was obvious that the door's sound would be loud.]

“.....So, the morning came just like that?”

A small sound of giggling vibrated in his ears. After a few more sips of the beer, Jude found an almost expired packet of peanuts in the cabinet, his voice rang again.

[That's what happened. The oldest aunt was the first person to come out to the kitchen and screamed, and the cogwheels started to move all at the same time.....]

The sound of the raindrops hitting the pavement and his window got stronger, and Jude tilted his head. If this story, that doesn't sound like it's going to end soon, ends, will the rain stop to? He slightly tilted his head again, and the blond detective tilted his beer can.

Hello! I missed you guys T^T

[Continue to Part. 21](#)

Part. 21



Black Butterfly, Where Does the Black Butterfly Go Drink Water by Beep Beep Beep

Proofreader/Editor: Itane, Hwarang

After closing the green curtain that smells old, he sat down while holding the phone. The rain drops sounded softer. Alvin’s voice was like a low song with the rain drops sounds in the background.

[Of course the whole family were shocked. The oldest uncle’s son and wife was about to faint. The young daughter, you know the girl that went to the orphanage? That child was too young, she didn’t know what had happen to her dad. And her mom blocked her, so she didn’t see it too. But except that child, everyone was in a panic..... It was obvious that the criminal was one of them.]

“But still the situation was obvious.”

[Yes, it was obvious. The person who could’ve killed the oldest uncle was the youngest uncle, and everyone couldn’t say it out loud, but they knew. They were all holding it. They knew if they take one more step out, something would go out of control. Should I say they were adults, or they were used to holding it in.]

“.....Then, the problem was ‘not an adult’ side?”

‘Will it be better if I put ice in the beer?’ It hasn’t been a long time since I opened the can, but the water drops were dropping from the surface. I shook the can with a too bad face, and Alvin’s thin laughter tickled his ear.

[That’s right, it was the not an adult side. The oldest uncle’s son couldn’t hold it. He didn’t really have a deep feeling towards his father, but the anger that his father got taken away so suddenly and a sudden recall of childhood memory, and above all, a fear of his natural right – so, the gem-is about to get stolen all mixed together. It was too hard for a teen to skillfully hold them in like the adults, so it wasn’t something to be blamed.]

“Mm. It is an obstinate problem though. So, how did he do it?”

[It was a knife. It was a boring method. It was probably his first time killing a person. But what was so funny was, he didn’t even hesitate one second. There is nothing to say if his emotion got violent though. And in front of other family member watching, he did it very sternly. I think he didn’t even think of hiding it in the first place. I think he had an idea of ‘since you created this mess, I don’t have to feel bad.’ The blood splashed everywhere. It happened where the family gathered and was drinking tea with nervous faces. The blood splashed in the youngest uncle’s wife’s clear black tea like a rain, and the oldest uncle’s wife screamed and covered her young daughter’s eyes. The youngest uncle’s teen daughter – hospitalized in a mental hospital with her mom, you know, right? – couldn’t even scream. She couldn’t feel the reality. That child’s older sister cried and held her dad’s slowly collapsing body.]

Blood in a black tea. Jude stared at the golden liquid with a little bit uncomfortable face and threw some peanut in his mouth. Probably because of the empty stomach, he felt happy with the small peanuts chewing in his mouth.

[That son threw the knife and went back to his room. But the people left behind

couldn't move for a while. What do you think the first thing the people did after they were able to move?]

“.....Clean up the scene?”

[It would've been better if you took care of this case. That's right, those people wiped the blood and got rid of the knife. Why do you think they did that?]

“You are giving a quiz now? I don't want to think. Just tell me.”

[It was because of fear and greed. If they go out of the house, they are giving up the ownership of the gem and at the same time, the son might do something to them. I'm not sure which one was the stronger feeling. I think the later one was it.]

“People were dying, and they were still obsessed with the gem?”

[Of course! Because of that, they got more obsessed with it. The women who had to take care of their kids without their husbands, how desperate could they have been for the money. Their own future, children's future, and the anger and hostility towards the other person, how could they block them.]

“.....Yeah, let's just say it was an explosive situation but got calm. Then how did the third incident happen?”

[The situation totally changed. The will of the dead old man got revealed. Not only about the fortune sharing, but also there was a separate letter about the ownership of that big gem. It seemed like he hid it under the jewelry box. It seemed like the old man was a man with a lot of secrets. Anyway, the one who found the will was the youngest uncle's wife. She was scared, but she couldn't not reveal it. She had to pray the oldest uncle's son not to harm innocent people.]

“She announced it? What was it about?”

This won't do, I have to put some ice in. When I opened the freezer, there was an old ice cream in there. I don't have a memory of buying ice cream except for one and a half years ago. Does an ice cream go bad if it's old? –Jude tilted his head for a moment and put some ice into the beer in a glass. Drop, drop, crack. Quietly there was an ice cracking sound. I have to drink this before it gets too watered down. While he was hardly drinking the beer, a voice that was coming out through the phone sounded like a host in a circus.

[This 30 karat worth of gem goes to my youngest son's first daughter, Jess-.]

Uh oh.... what will happen....

Continue to Part 22